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WIT AND WISDOM OF SPURGEON

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C. H. Spurgeon

The Wit and Wisdom

of

Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon,

with

An Introductory

by

REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, D.D.

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INTRODUCTORY.

BY WILLIAM WRIGHT, D.D.

Some thirty-five years ago, Charles H. Spurgeon met me at the parting of life's ways, and sent me on the path which I have since been trying to travel. From that time forward, he and I became fast friends, but during the past ten years I had a standing invitation to spend my Saturday afternoons with him. I used my privilege sparingly, but sufficiently to have seen my many-sided friend from many points of view. A few side-lights from the outer and inner circles may prove, not only interesting, but useful.

I first met Mr. Spurgeon at Belfast. I was then preparing for college, with a hankering after the Indian civil service. Mr. Spurgeon preached in Dr. Cook's church. He singled me out, and spoke to me as if no one else was present. There was no thrumming of theology, and no sanctimonious posing, but a clear, direct, hot, living, personal appeal, that dare not be resisted. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, Mr. Spurgeon descended from the pulpit, and, seeing me looking at him, he held out his hand to me when he was about two-thirds down the stairs. I stepped forward and seized it. "How did you like my sermon?" were his first words. The human, manly, straightforward, genuine ring of the question clinched the effect already produced on

a youth in search of what was genuine. Many started anew on life's journey that night, and few of Spurgeon's people ever turned back.

Fifteen years later, I went to the Tabernacle on my way home from Damascus. The same straightforward Englishman was preaching the same straightforward gospel in all its fulness and freeness, and without any apology for its severity. I walked into the vestry without introduction. He had not seen me for ten years, but he recognized me in the crowd without a moment's hesitation. He ran over the books on the Holy Land, stating the merits of each, and ended by saying, "I suppose Thompson's 'The Land and the Book' is still the best on the manners and customs." He had the literature of Palestine at his finger ends.

When I came to be Mr. Spurgeon's near neighbor, I found that he was acquainted with all literature. His power of reading was, perhaps, never equalled. He would sit down to five or six large books, and master them at one sitting. He sat with his left hand on the left side of the book, and, pushing his right hand up the page on the right side of the book until the page became projected, he turned it over, and proceeded to the next page. He took in the contents almost at a glance, and his memory never failed him as to what he read. He made a point of reading half-a-dozen of the hardest books weekly, as he said he wished to rub his mind against the strongest; and there was no skipping. I often tested the thoroughness of his reading.

"Natural Law in the Spiritual World" reached him and me about the same time. I called on him fresh from a study of the book. He had just read it, with four or five other works, on that day. At tea we began to discuss the work. A third party disputed his recollection of certain points, whereupon Spurgeon quoted a page, to show that the

natural and spiritual laws were declared to be "identical," and another important page to show how the book erred by defect. I looked over the page again, on my return home, and I believe he scarcely missed a word in his repetition. His power of reading was one of the greatest of his many talents.

In the vastness of his knowledge Mr. Spurgeon had no equal except Mr. Gladstone, who has all the world's literature open to him. Mr. Spurgeon was limited to the wide field of English. With Mr. Gladstone more than with Mr. Spurgeon I have always felt the depths of my own ignorance. In discussing subjects which were specially my own with Mr. Gladstone, I have always felt that he knew my subject better than I did. I once told him of Spurgeon's power of rapid and thorough reading, believing that he possessed the same gift; but he assured me he read slowly, but that he used up all the odds and ends of time at his disposal to keep abreast of the age.

These two men greatly esteemed and honored each other. This is known from their last correspondence; but I knew it as a fact from each; and when Mr. Spurgeon dissented from Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, through fear of the priests, he added one day, after condemning Home Rule, "Yes, but I will back William Ewart Gladstone against the world to carry the bill. The purity of his purpose and simplicity of his motives will do it."

I was at first surprised to find Mr. Spurgeon consulting both the Hebrew and Greek texts. "They say," said he, "that I am ignorant and unlearned. Well, let them say, and in everything, by my ignorance and by my learning, let God be glorified."

His exegesis was never wrong. He spared no pains to be sure of the exact meaning of his subject. He was going to

preach on the olive-tree, and he sent his secretary to the keeper of the natural-history department of the British Museum with a series of questions as to the peculiarities of the tree.

The keeper was so much interested in the inquiry that he wrote out several pages for Mr. Spurgeon; but when the sermon came to be preached, the information had been passed through the crucible of Mr. Spurgeon's mind, and came forth in one fine Bunyanesque sentence.

Mr. Spurgeon held that the lies that were told about his vulgarity were overruled to the furtherance of the gospel. People read in some of the London revilers how he slid down the pulpit-rail to illustrate the descent of the wicked into hell, and they went to see the dissenting mountebank, and very often they remained to pray and work; for Spurgeon's converts bowed to the yoke.

I once asked him if he had really coined the phrase "Resist the Devil," and he will flee from you; resist a deacon, and he will fly at you." "No," said he, "I never had the wit to invent it, nor the experience to justify my repeating it. Besides," he added, "the saying, like most of the vulgarities fathered on me, is older than my grandfather."

Mr. Spurgeon was sometimes subject to great depression, but nothing weighed him down so heavily as the thought that his orphans might be left destitute. On his return once from Mentone, he met his deacons to see how it fared with the orphans. "You must work another miracle, governor," said one of the deacons; "for we have now only a balance of £50." "Let us ask God for the money that we want," replied Mr. Spurgeon. They knelt round the table and prayed. "Now," said Mr. Spurgeon, when they had again resumed their seats, "let us see what we can do ourselves." He drew a piece of paper to him and wrote down £50 on it,

and passed the paper to his nearest neighbor. When it had gone round the table it contained promises for £500.

"I went home that night," said Mr. Spurgeon, "as if my heart would break." As he was crossing the hall wearily to his study, he heard an altercation going on at the door. He heard his man saying, "No one can see the master to-night," and then he heard a gentleman's voice remonstrating warmly. "What is the matter there?" said Mr. Spurgeon. "O, Mr. Spurgeon!" replied the gentleman at the door, "I have come a long way to see you. I promised, when in India, to give seven hundred pounds to your orphanage, and I have brought you the money." The next morning, the first letter opened by Mr. Spurgeon contained a like amount, "and," said he, when telling the story, "I was once more in the third heaven."

Mr. Spurgeon was a great preacher, a great administrator, great in his orphanage, great in his college, but he was nowhere so great as in his own house on a Saturday afternoon with a single friend.

Westwood is one of the most charming places in a charming neighborhood. How Mr. Spurgeon came to possess it is one of the romances of his life, but it is too long for this article. The grounds belonging to the house, some thirteen acres, are exceedingly picturesque. There are some twenty or thirty acres attached to the place besides. On Saturday afternoons I generally found Mr. Spurgeon down among the cattle, or in his extensive conservatories. He possessed cows and horses and pigs and dogs and sheep, and turkeys and fowls of all description, and ducks of every kind, and geese and pigeons of every variety. And he took an interest in them all, just as he did in each of his orphans. He talked to them and they stood and listened to him, and knew him, and, I believe, loved him as his orphans did.

We returned to the house through the conservatories. These were filled with all kinds of exotic plants and flowers, and Mr. Spurgeon would draw attention to the peculiarities of each, pointing out beautiful contrasts with human life, and analogies with the life to come. His fancies were as charming as the exotics themselves. His sallies in the garden were sometimes inimitable. "Are you ever troubled with these sinless people?" he said to me one day. "We have a nest of them here, and the craze has got in among the gardeners. I called up my three gardeners on Saturday week, and said to them, 'I have been observing you for some time. You come late and you go early, and, in the interval, you spoil my shrubs. I don't want your services any more. I will have my garden attended to by sinners for the future.'" And he added quietly, "I have now three sinners, and they are doing my garden beautifully."

From the conservatory we proceeded to tea with Mrs. Spurgeon, where the conversation sparkled like champagne. She, too, was carrying on a great work in supplying good books to ministers of all denominations.

After tea, we filed into the study for prayers. There were generally, besides Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon and the guests, five or six servants. Mr. Spurgeon would read a chapter, with a running commentary of striking originality, and then pray with great earnestness and power.

After prayers, the servants and the guests from a distance departed, and then Mr. Spurgeon was at his best. His fun, his stories, his criticisms, his adventures, his projects, made the time pass rapidly. He talked of poetry, philosophy, theology, politics, social schemes, war, peace—everything of human interest shown in the light of his genius.

When at last I rose to go, about nine o'clock, he used to grow sad and heavy; and he would say, "I must now get

some crumbs for my chickens." Seldom, when I left him on Saturday night, did he know either of his texts for Sunday. But he had a well-stored mind, and when he saw his lines of thought, a few catch-words on a sheet of note-paper sufficed. On parting, he offered up a short prayer which was an inspiration to both.

Mr. Spurgeon had a marvelous combination of qualities which contributed to his greatness.

A voice that you heard with pleasure, and could not help hearing.

A mind that absorbed all knowledge, whether from books or nature, that came within its range.

An eye that took in a wide angle, and saw everything within view.

A memory that he treated with confidence, and that never disappointed him.

A great, large heart, on fire with the love of God and the love of souls.

A practical common sense in doing things either sacred or secular. He would have been prime minister had he not been the pastor of the Tabernacle.

A singleness of aim, and a transparent honesty that made him trusted by everybody.

A lovableness that made you love him, if you came within its spell.

"You seem very proud of Mr. Spurgeon," I said, one day to a deacon at the Tabernacle.

"We would all die for Mr. Spurgeon," was his reply.

But the chief secret of Mr. Spurgeon's power was faith in the living, and in the power of the gospel. "After my service last night," said he to me one day, "I went to see two of my dear people. The wife was dying of consumption, the husband of typhoid fever. They had neither doubt nor

fear, and were as happy as on their wedding day." With a tear in his voice he added: "I preach like a lion when I see my people die so." They prate of his narrowness who never knew his faith. His was the narrowness of the arrow that flew straight to the mark.

Woolsthorpe, London, England.

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IF THE CAP FITS, WEAR IT.

FRIENDLY READERS: Last time I made a book I trod on some people's corns and bunions, and they wrote me angry letters, asking, "Did you mean me!" This time, to save them the expense of a halfpenny card, I will begin my book by saying,

Whether I please or whether I tease,
I'll give you my honest mind;
If the cap should fit, pray wear it a bit;
If not you can leave it behind.

No offence is meant; but if anything in these

pages should come home to a man, let him not send it next door, but get a coop for his own chickens. What is the use of reading or hearing for other people? We do not eat and drink for them; why should we lend them our ears and not our mouths? Please then, good friend, if you find a hoe on these premises, weed your own garden with it.

I was speaking with Will Shepherd the other day about our master's old donkey, and I said, "He is so old and stubborn, he really is not worth his keep." "No," said Will, "and worse still, he is so vicious, that I feel sure he'll do somebody a mischief one of these days." You know they say that walls have ears; we were talking rather loud, but we did not know that there were ears to hay-stacks. We stared, I tell you, when we saw Joe Scroggs come from behind the stack, looking red as a turkey-cock, and raving like mad. He burst out swearing at Will and me, like a cat spitting at a dog. His monkey was up and no mistake. He'd let us know that he was as good a man as either of us, or the two put together, for the matter of that. Talk about *him* in that way; he'd do—I don't know what. I told old Joe we never thought of him, nor said a word about him, and he might just as well save his breath to cool his porridge, for nobody meant him

any harm. This only made him call me a liar, and roar the louder. My friend, Will, was walking away, holding his sides, but when he saw that Scroggs was still in a fume, he laughed outright, and turned round on him and said, "Why, Joe, we were talking about master's old donkey, and not about you; but, upon my word, I shall never see that donkey again without thinking of Joe Scroggs." Joe puffed and blowed, but perhaps he thought it an awkward job, for he backed out of it, and Will and I went off to our work in rather a merry cue, for old Joe had blundered on the truth about himself for once in his life.

The aforesaid Will Shepherd has sometimes come down rather heavy upon me in his remarks, but it has done me good. It is partly through his home thrusts that I have come to write this new book, for he thought I was idle ; perhaps I am, and perhaps I am not. Will forgets that I have other fish to fry and tails to butter; and he does not recollect that a ploughman's mind wants to lie fallow a little, and can't give a crop every year. It is hard to make rope when your hemp is all used up, or pancakes without batter, or rook pie without the birds ; and so I found it hard to write more when I had said just about all I knew.

BURN A CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS, AND IT WILL SOON BE GONE.

He came in to old Alderman Greedy's money for he was his nephew; but, as the old saying is, the fork followed the rake, the spender was heir to the

hoarder. God has been very merciful to some of us in never letting money come rolling in upon us, for most men are carried off their legs if they meet with a great wave of fortune. Many of us would have been bigger sinners if we had been trusted

with larger purses. Poor Jack had plenty of pence, but little sense. Money is easier made than made use of. What is hard to gather is easy to scatter. The old gentleman had lined his nest well, but Jack made the feathers fly like flakes of snow in winter time. He got rid of his money by shovelfuls and then by cartloads. After spending the interest he began swallowing the capital, and so killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. He squandered his silver and gold in ways which must never be told. It would not go fast enough, and so he bought race-horses to run away with it. He got into the hands of blacklegs, and fell into company of which we shall say but little; only when such madams smile, men's purses weep; these are a well without a bottom, and the more a fool throws in, the more he may. The greatest beauty often causes the greatest ruin. Play, women and wine are enough to make a prince a pauper.

Always taking out and never putting back soon empties the biggest sack, and so Jack found it; but he took no notice till his last shilling bade him good-by, and then he said he had been robbed; like silly Tom who put his finger in the fire and said it was his bad luck.

IT IS HARD FOR AN EMPTY SACK TO STAND UPRIGHT.

SAM may try a fine while before he will make one of his empty sacks stand upright. If he were not half daft he would have left off that job before

he began it, and not have been an Irishman either. He will come to his wit's end before he sets the sack on its end. The old proverb, printed at the top, was made by a man who had burned his fingers with debtors, and it just means that when

folks have no money and are over head and ears in debt, as often as not they leave off being upright, and tumble over one way or another. He that has but four and spends five will soon need no purse, but he will most likely begin to use his wits to keep himself afloat, and take to all sorts of dodges to manage it.

Nine times out of ten they begin by making promises to pay on a certain day when it is certain they have nothing to pay with. They are as bold at fixing the time as if they had my lord's income. The day comes round as sure as Christmas, and then they haven't a penny-piece in the world, and so they make all sorts of excuses and begin to promise again. Those who are quick to promise are generally slow to perform. They promise mountains and perform molehills. He who gives you fair words and nothing more feeds you with an empty spoon, and hungry creditors soon grow tired of that game. Promises don't fill the belly. Promising men are not great favorites if they are not performing men. When such a fellow is called a liar he thinks he is hardly done by ; and yet he is so, as sure as eggs are eggs, and there's no denying it, as the boy said when the gardener caught him up the cherry tree.

A HANDSAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH.

Our friend will cut more than he will eat, and shave off something more than hair, and then he will blame the saw. His brains don't lie in his beard,

nor yet in the skull above it, or he would see that his saw will only make sores. There's sense in choosing your tools, for a pig's tail will never make a good arrow, nor will his ear make a silk purse. You can't catch rabbits with drums, nor

pigeons with plums. A good thing is not good out of its place. It is much the same with lads and girls; you can't put all boys to one trade, nor send all girls to the same service. One chap will make a London clerk, and another will do better to plough and sow and reap and mow and be a farmer's boy. It's no use forcing them; a snail will never run a race, nor a mouse drive a wagon.

"Send a boy to the well against his will,
The pitcher will break and the water spill."

With unwilling hounds it is hard to hunt hares. To go against nature and inclination is to row against wind and tide. They say you may praise a fool till you make him useful: I don't know so much about that, but I do know that if I get a bad knife I generally cut my finger, and a blunt axe is more trouble than profit. No, let me shave with a razor if I shave at all, and do my work with the best tools I can get.

Never set a man to work he is not fit for, for he will never do it well. They say that if pigs fly they always go with their tails forward, and awkward workmen are much the same. Nobody expects cows to catch crows, or hens to wear hats. There's reason in roasting eggs, and there should be reason in choosing servants.

HUNCHBACK SEES NOT HIS OWN HUMP, BUT HE SEES HIS NEIGHBOR'S.

He points at the man in front of him, but he is a good deal more of a guy himself. He should not laugh at the crooked until he is straight himself,

and not then. I hate to hear a raven croak at a crow for being black. A blind man should not blame his brother for squinting, and he who has lost his legs should not sneer at the lame. Yet so

it is, the rottenest bough cracks first, and he who should be the last to speak is the first to rail. Bespattered hogs bespatter others, and he who is full of fault finds fault. They are most apt to speak ill of others who do most ill themselves.

"We're very keen our neigbor's hump to see,
We're blind to that upon our back alone;
E'en though the lump far greater be,
It still remains to us unknown."

It does us much hurt to judge our neighbors, because it flatters our conceit, and our pride grows quite fast enough without feeding. We accuse others to excuse ourselves. We are such fools as to dream that we are better because others are worse, and we talk as if we could get up by pulling others down. What is the good of spying holes in people's coats when we can't mend them? Talk of my debts if you mean to pay them; if not, keep your red rag behind your ivory ridge. A friend's faults should not be advertised, and even a stranger's should not be published. He who brays at an ass is an ass himself, and he who makes a fool of another is a fool himself. Don't get into the habit of laughing at people, for the old saying is, "Hanging's stretching and mocking's catching."

Some must have their joke whoever they poke;
For the sake of fun mischief is done,
And to air their wit full many they hit.

DRUNKARDS, READ THIS!

DRUNKENNESS

EXPELS REASON,
DISTEMPERS THE BODY,
DIMINISHES STRENGTH,
INFLAMES THE BLOOD,

CAUSES { INTERNAL / EXTERNAL / ETERNAL / INCURABLE } WOUNDS;

IS

A WITCH TO THE SENSES,
A DEMON TO THE SOUL,
A THIEF TO THE PURSE,
A GUIDE TO BEGGARY, LECHERY AND VILLIANY.

IT IS

THE WIFE'S WOE AND
THE CHILDREN'S SORROW.

MAKES A MAN

WALLOW WORSE THAN A BEAST AND
ACT LIKE A FOOL.

HE IS

A SELF-MURDERER
WHO DRINKS TO ANOTHER'S GOOD HEALTH
AND
ROBS HIMSELF OF HIS OWN.

HE HAS A HOLE UNDER HIS NOSE, AND HIS MONEY RUNS INTO IT.

This is the man who is always dry, because he takes so much heavy wet. He is a loose fellow who is fond of getting tight. He is no sooner up

than his nose is in the cup, and his money begins to run down the hole which is just under his nose. He is not a blacksmith, but he has a spark in his throat, and all the publican's barrels can't put it out. If a pot of beer is a yard of land, he must

have swallowed more acres than a ploughman could get over for many a day, and still he goes on swallowing until he takes to wallowing. All goes down Gutter Lane. Like the snipe, he lives by suction. If you ask him how he is, he says he would be quite right if he could moisten his mouth. His purse is a bottle, his bank is the publican's till and his casket is a cask; pewter is his precious metal, and his pearl* is a mixture of gin and beer. The dew of his youth comes from Ben Nevis, and the comfort of his soul is cordial gin. He is a walking barrel, a living drain-pipe, a moving swill-tub. They say "loath to drink and loath to leave off," but he never needs persuading to begin, and as to ending—that is out of the question while he can borrow twopence. This is the gentleman who sings:

> He that buys land buys many stones,
> He that buys meat buys many bones,
> He that buys eggs buys many shells,
> He that buys good ale buys nothing else.

He will never be hanged for leaving his drink behind him. He drinks in season and out of season: in summer because he is hot, and in winter because he is cold.

*Purl.

SCANT FEEDING OF MAN OR HORSE IS SMALL PROFIT AND SURE LOSS.

WHAT is saved out of food of cattle is a dead loss, for a horse can't work if he is not fed. If an animal won't pay for keeping he won't pay for

starving. Even the land yields little if not nourished, and it is just the same with the poor beast. You might as well try to run a steam engine without coals, or drive a water mill without water, as a horse without putting corn into him. Thomas

Tusser, who wrote a book upon "Husbandry" in the olden time, said,

> "Who starveth his cattle, and wearieth them out
> By carting and ploughing, his gain I much doubt;
> But he that in labor doth use them aright
> Has gain to his comfort and cattle in plight.

Poor dumb animals cannot speak for themselves, and therefore every one who has his speech should plead for them. To keep them short of victuals is a crying shame. The one in our picture seems to be thoroughly broken in: look at his knees! His owner ought to be flogged at the cart tail. I hate cruelty, and above all things the cruelty which starves the laboring beast.

> A right good man is good to all,
> And stints not stable, rack or stall;
> Not only cares for horse and hog,
> But kindly thinks of cat and dog.

Is not a man better than a beast? Then, depend upon it, what is good for the ploughing horse is good for the ploughing boy. A bellyful of plain food is a wonderful help to a laboring man. A starving workman is a dear servant. If you don't pay your men, they pay themselves, or else they shirk their work. He who labors well should be fed well, especially a ploughman.

> "Let such have enow
> That follow the plough."

A LOOKING-GLASS IS OF NO USE TO A BLIND MAN.

He who will not see is much the same as if he had no eyes; indeed, in some things, the man without eyes has the advantage, for he is in the

dark *and knows it.* A lantern is of no use to a bat, and good teaching is lost on the man who will not learn. Reason is folly with the unreasonable. One man can lead a horse to the water, but a hundred cannot make him drink: it is easy work to

tell a man the truth, but if he will not be convinced your labor is lost. We pity the poor blind, we cannot do so much as that for those who shut their eyes against the light.

A man who is blind to his own faults is blind to his own interests. He who thinks that he never was a fool is a fool now. He who never owns that he is wrong will never get right. He'll mend, as the saying is, when he grows better, like sour beer in summer. How can a man take the smuts off his face, if he will not look in the glass, nor believe that they are there when he is told of them?

Prejudice shuts up many eyes in total darkness. The man knows already: he is positive and can swear to it, and it's no use your arguing. He has made up his mind, and it did not take him long, for there's very little of it, but when he has said a thing he sticks to it like cobbler's wax. He is wiser than seven men that can render a reason. He is as positive as if he had been on the other side the curtain and looked into the back yard of the universe. He talks as if he carried all knowledge in his waiscoat pocket, like a peppermint lozenge. Those who like may try to teach him, but I don't care to hold up a mirror to a mole.

DON'T CUT OFF YOUR NOSE TO SPITE YOUR FACE.

ANGER is a short madness. The less we do when we go mad the better for everybody, and the less we go mad the better for ourselves. He is far

gone who hurts himself to wreak his vengeance on others. The old saying is, "Don't cut off your head because it aches," and another says, "Set not your house on fire to spite the moon." If things go awry, it is a poor way of mending to

make them worse, as the man did who took to drinking because he could not marry the girl he liked. He must be a fool who cuts off his nose to spite his face, and yet this is what Dick did when he had vexed his old master, and because he was chid must needs give up his place, throw himself out of work, and starve his wife and family. Jane had been idle, and she knew it, but sooner than let her mistress speak to her, she gave warning, and lost as good a service as a maid could wish for. Old Griggs was wrong, and could not deny it, and yet because the parson's sermon fitted him rather close, he took the sulks, and vowed he would never hear the good man again. It was his own loss, but he wouldn't listen to reason, but was as wilful as a pig.

Do nothing when you are out of temper, and then you will have the less to undo. Let a hasty man's passion be a warning to you; if he scalds you, take heed that you do not let your own pot boil over. Many a man has given himself a box on the ear in his blind rage, ay, and ended his own life out of spite. He who cannot curb his temper carries gunpowder in his bosom, and he is neither safe for himself nor his neighbors. When passion comes in at the door, what little sense there is indoors flies out at the window.

NEVER STOP THE PLOUGH TO CATCH A MOUSE.

THERE's not much profit in this game. Think of a man and a boy and four horses all standing still for the sake of a mouse! What would old

friend Tusser say to that? I think he would rhyme in this fashion:

> A ploughman deserveth a cut of the whip
> If for idle pretence he let the hours slip.

Heaps of people act like the man in our picture. They have a great work in hand which wants all

their wits, and they leave it to squabble over some pretty nothing, not worth a fig, Old master Tom would say to them,

> No more tittle tattle, go on with your cattle.

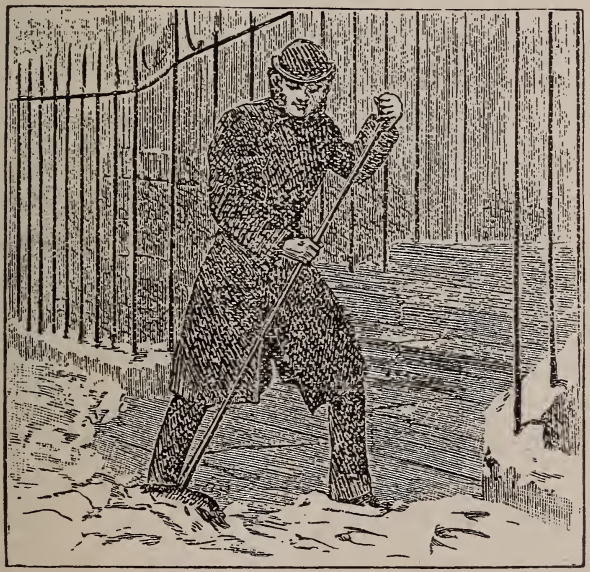
He could not bear for a farmer to let his horses out for carting even, because it took their work away from the farm, and so I am sure he would be in a great stew if he saw farmers wasting their time at matches and hunts and the like. He says:

> "Who slacketh his tillage a carter to be,
> For groat got abroad, at home shall lose three;
> For sure by so doing he brings out of heart,
> Both land for the corn and horse for the cart."

The main chance must be minded, and the little things must be borne with. Nobody would burn his house down to kill the black beetles, and it would never answer to kill the bullocks to feed the cats. If our baker left off making bread for a week while he cracked the cockroaches, what should we all do for breakfast? If the butcher sold no more meat till he had killed all the blow-flies, we should be many a day without mutton. If the water companies never gave the Londoners a drink till they had fished every gudgeon out of the Thames, how would the old ladies make their tea? There's no use in stopping your fishing because of the seaweed, nor your riding because of the dust.

EVERY MAN SHOULD SWEEP BEFORE HIS OWN DOOR.

He is a wise man who has wit enough for his own affairs. It is a common thing for people to *mind* Number One, but not so common to see



people *mend* it. When it comes to spending money on labor or improvements, they think that repairs should begin at Number 2, and Number 3, and go on till all the houses up to Number 50 are touched up before any hint should be given to

Number One. Now, this is very stupid, for if charity should begin at home, certainly reformation should begin there too. It is a waste of time to go far away to make a clearance; there's nothing like sweeping the snow from your own door. Let every dog carry his own tail. Mind your own business, and mend your own manners, and if every man does the same all will be minded and mended, as the old song says:

"Should every man defend his house,
Then all would be defended;
If every man would mend a man,
Then all mankind were mended."

A man who does not look well to his own concerns is not fit to be trusted with other people's. Lots of folks are so busy abroad that they have no time to look at home. They say the cobbler's wife goes barefoot, and the baker's child gets no buns, and the sweep's house has sooty chimneys. This comes of a man thinking he is everybody except himself. All the wit in the world is not in one head, and therefore the wisest man living is not bound to look after all his neighbors' matters. There are wonderful people about, whose wisdom would beat Solomon into fits; and yet they have not sense enough to keep their own kettle from boiling over.

YOU MAY BEND THE SAPLING, BUT NOT THE TREE.

LADDER and pole and cord will be of no use to straighten the bent tree; it should have been looked after much earlier. Train trees when they

are saplings, and young lads before the down comes on their chins. If you want a bullfinch to pipe, whistle to him while he is young; he will scarcely catch the tune after he has learned the wild bird's note. Begin early to teach, for children

begin early to sin. Catch them young and you may hope to keep them.

> Ere your boy has reached to seven,
> Teach him well the way to heaven;
> Better still the work will thrive
> If he learns before he's five.

What is learned young is learned for life. What we hear at the first we remember to the last. The bent twig grows up a crooked tree. Horse-breakers say,

> "The tricks a colt getteth at his first backing,
> Will whilst he continueth never be lacking."

When a boy is rebellious, conquer him, and do it well the first time, that there may be no need to do it again. A child's first lesson should be obedience, and after that you may teach it what you please, yet the young mind must not be laced too tight, or you may hurt its growth and hinder its strength. They say a daft nurse makes a wise child, but I do not believe it; nobody needs so much common sense as a mother or a governess. It does not do to be always thwarting; and yet remember, if you give a child his will and a whelp his fill, both will surely turn out ill. A child's back must be made to bend, but it must not be broken. He must be ruled, but not with a rod of iron. His spirit must be conquered, but not crushed.

"GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL," AS THE MAN SAID WHO CLIPPED THE SOW.

Now, is not this very like the world with its notions of pleasure? There is noise enough: laughter and shouting and boasting; but where is

the comfort which can warm the heart and give peace to the spirit? Generally there's plenty of smoke and very little fire in what is called pleasure. It promises a nag and gives an egg. Gayety is a

sort of flash in the pan, a fifth of November squib, all fizz and bang and done for. The devil's meal is all bran, and the world's wine turns to vinegar. It is always making a great noise over nutshells. Thousands have had to weep over their blunder in looking for their heaven on earth; but they follow each other like sheep through a gap, not a bit the wiser for the experience of generations. It seems that every man must have a clip at his own particular pig, and cannot be made to believe that like all the rest it will yield him nothing but bristles. Men are not all of one mind as to what is best for them; they no more agree than the clocks in our village, but they all hang together in following after vanity, for to the core of their hearts they are vain. One shears the publican's hog, which is so fond of the swill-tub, and he reckons upon bringing home a wonderful lot of wool; but everybody knows that he who goes to the "Woolpack" for wool will come home shorn: the "Blue Boar" is an uncommonly ugly animal to shear, and so is the "Red Lion." Better shear off as fast as you can; it will be sheer folly to stop. You may loaf about the tap of the "Halfmoon" till you get the full moon in your noddle, and need a keeper: it is the place for men whose wits go wool-gathering, but wool there is none.

A MAN MAY LOVE HIS HOUSE, THOUGH HE RIDE NOT ON THE RIDGE.

You can love your house and not ride on the ridge; there's a medium in everything. You can be fond of your wife without being her drudge, and

you can love your children dearly, and yet not give them their own way in everything Some men are of so strange a kidney that they set no bounds to their nonsense. If they are fond of roast beef they must needs suck the spit; they cannot

rest with eating the pudding, they must swallow the bag. If they dislike a thing, the very smell of it sets them grumbling, and if they like it they must have it everywhere and always, for nothing else is half so sweet. When they do go in for eating rabbits, they have

> Rabbits young and rabbits old,
> Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
> Rabbits tender, rabbits tough:
> Never can they have enough.

Whatever they take up takes them up, and for a season they cannot seize on anything else. At election times the barber cannot trim his customer's poll because of the polling, and the draper cannot serve you with calico because he is canvassing. The nation would go to the dogs altogether if the cat's-meat man did not secure the election by sticking his mark on the ballot paper. It is supposed that the globe would leave off turning round if our Joe Scroggs did not go down to the "Dun Cow," and read the paper, and have his say upon politics, in the presence of the House of Commons assembled in the tap-room. I do not quite think so, but I know this, that when the Whigs and the Tories and the Radicals are about, Scroggs is good for nothing all day long. What party he belongs to I don't know, but I believe his leading principle will be seen in the following verse :

> If gentlemen propose a glass,
> He never says them nay;
> For he always thinks it right to drink
> While other people pay.

GREAT DRINKERS THINK THEMSELVES GREAT MEN.

WONDERFUL men and white rats are not so scarce as most people think. Folks may talk as they like about Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield,

and that sharp gentleman Bismarck, but Jack, and Tom, and Harry, and scores more that I know of, could manage their business for them a fine sight better; at least, they think so, and are quite ready to try. Great men are as plentiful as mice in an

old wheat stack down our way. Every parish has one or two wonderful men; indeed, most public-houses could show one at least, and generally two; and I have heard that on Saturday nights, when our "Blue Dragon" is full, there may be seen as many as twenty of the greatest men in all the world in the tap-room, all making themselves greater by the help of pots of beer. When the jug has been filled and emptied a good many times, the blacksmith feels he ought to be prime minister; Styles, the carter, sees the way to take off the taxes, and old Hobbs, the rat-catcher, roars out,

"They're all a pack of fools,
And good-for-nothing tools;
If they'd only send for me,
You'd see how things would be."

If you have a fancy to listen to these great men when they are talking you need not go into the bar, for you can hear them outside the house; they generally speak four or five at a time, and every one in a Mitcham whisper, which is very like a shout. What a fine flow of words they have! There's no end to it, and it's a pity there was ever any beginning, for there's generally a mix up of foul talk with their politics, and this sets them all roaring with laughter. A few evenings in such company would poison the mind of the best lad in the parish.

TWO DOGS FIGHT FOR A BONE, AND A THIRD RUNS AWAY WITH IT.

We have heard of the two men who quarrelled over an oyster, and called in a judge to settle the question; he ate the oysters himself, and gave them

a shell each. This reminds me of the story of the cow which two farmers could not agree about, and so the lawyers stepped in and milked the cow for them, and charged them for their trouble in drinking the milk. Little is got by law, but much is

lost by it. A suit in law may last longer than any suit a tailor can make you, and you may yourself be worn out before it comes to an end. It is better far to make matters up and keep out of court, for if you are caught there you are caught in the brambles, and won't get out without damage. John Ploughman feels a cold sweat at the thought of getting into the hands of lawyers. He does not mind going to Jericho, but he dreads the gentlemen on the road, for they seldom leave a feather upon any goose which they pick up.

However, if men will fight they must not blame the lawyers; if law were cheaper quarrelsome people would have more of it, and quite as much would be spent in the long run. Sometimes, however, we get dragged into court willy nilly, and then one had need be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. Happy is he who finds an honest lawyer, and does not try to be his own client. A good lawyer always tries to keep people out of law; but some clients are like moths with the candle, they must and will burn themselves. He who is so wise that he cannot be taught will have to pay for his pride.

STICK TO IT AND DO IT.

SET a stout heart to a stiff hill, and the wagon will get to the top of it. There's nothing so hard but a harder thing will get through it; a strong job can be managed by a strong resolution. Have at

it and have it. Stick to it and succeed. Till a thing is done men wonder that you think it can be done, and when you have done it they wonder it was never done before.

In my picture the wagon is drawn by two horses;

but I would have every man who wants to make his way in life pull as if all depended on himself. Very little is done right when it is left to other people. The more hands to do work the less there is done. One man will carry two pails of water for himself; two men will only carry one pail between them, and three will come home with never a drop at all. A child with several mothers will die before it runs alone. Know your business and give your mind to it, and you will find a buttered loaf where a sluggard loses his last crust.

In these times it's no use being a farmer if you don't mean work. The days are gone by for gentlemen to make a fortune off of a farm by going out shooting half their time. If foreign wheats keep on coming in, farmers will soon learn that

> "He who by the plough would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive."

He is a sorry dog who wants game and will not hunt for it: let us never lie down in idle despair, but follow on till we succeed.

Rome was not built in a day, nor much else, unless it be a dog kennel. Things which cost no pains are slender gains. Where there has been little sweat there will be little sweet. Jonah's gourd came up in a night, but then it perished in a night.

AN OLD FOX IS SHY OF A TRAP.

The old fox knows the trap of old. You don't catch him so easily as you would a cub. He looks sharp at the sharp teeth, and seems to say,

"Hollo, my old chap,
I spy out your trap.
To-day, will you fetch me?
Or wait till you catch me?"

The cat asked the mice to supper, but only the young ones would come to the feast, and they never went home again. "Will you walk into my parlor?"

said the spider to the fly, and the silly creature did walk in, and was soon dead as a door-nail.

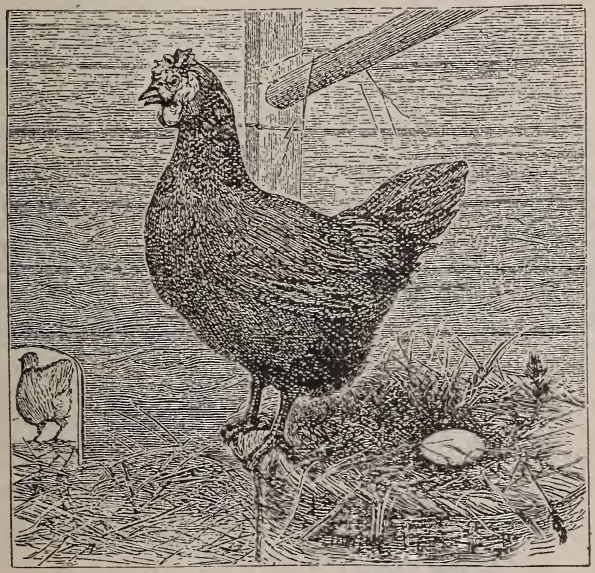
What a many traps have been set for some of us. Man-traps and woman-traps; traps to catch us by the eye, by the ear, by the throat, and by the nose; traps for the head and traps for the heart; day traps, and night traps, and traps for any time you like. The baits are of all sorts, alive and dead, male and female, common and particular. We had need be wiser than foxes, or we shall soon hear the snap of the man-trap and feel its teeth.

Beware of beginnings: he who does not take the first wrong step will not take the second. Beware of drops, for the fellows who drink take nothing but a "drop of beer," or "a drop too much." Drop your drop of grog. Beware of him who says, "Is it not a little one?" Little sins are the eggs of great sorrows. Beware of lips smeared with honey: see how many flies are caught with sweets. Beware of evil questions which raise needless doubts, and make it hard for a man to trust his Maker. Beware of a bad rich man who is very liberal to you; he will buy you first and sell you afterward. Beware of a dressy young woman, without a mind or a heart; you may be in a net before you can say Jack Robinson.

"Pretty fools are no ways rare:
Wise men will of such beware."

A BLACK HEN LAYS A WHITE EGG.

THE egg is white enough, though the hen is black as a coal. This is a very simple thing, but it has pleased the simple mind of John Ploughman, and made him cheer up when things have gone



hard with him. Out of evil comes good, through the great goodness of God. From threatening clouds we get refreshing showers; in dark mines men find bright jewels, and so from our worst troubles come our best blessings. The bitter cold

sweetens the ground, and the rough winds fasten the roots of the old oaks. God sends us letters of love in envelopes with black borders. Many a time have I plucked sweet fruit from bramble bushes, and taken lovely roses from among prickly thorns. Trouble is to believing men and women like the sweetbrier in our hedges, and where it grows there is a delicious smell all around, if the dew do but fall upon it from above.

Cheer up, mates, all will come right in the end. The darkest night will turn to a fair morning in due time. Only let us trust in God, and keep our heads above the waves of fear. When our hearts are right with God, everything is right. Let us look for the silver which lines every cloud, and when we do not see it let us believe that it is there. We are all at school, and our great Teacher writes many a bright lesson on the blackboard of affliction. Scant fare teaches us to live on heavenly bread, sickness bids us send off for the good Physician, loss of friends makes Jesus more precious, and even the sinking of our spirits brings us to live more entirely upon God. All things are working together for the good of those who love God, and even death itself will bring them their highest gain. Thus the black hen lays a white egg.

HE LOOKS ONE WAY AND PULLS ANOTHER.

He faces the shore, but he is pulling for the ship. This is the way of those who row in boats, and also of a great many who never trust themselves on the

water. The boatman is all right, but the hypocrite is all wrong, whatever rites he may practice. I cannot endure Mr. Facing-both-ways, yet he has swarms of cousins.

It is ill to be a saint without and a devil within,

to be a servant of Christ before the world in order to serve the ends of self and the devil, while inwardly the heart hates all good things. There are good and bad of all classes, and hypocrites can be found among ploughmen as well as among parsons. It used to be so in the olden times, for I remember an old verse which draws out just such a character. The man says:

> "I'll have a religion all of my own,
> Whether Papist or Protestant shall not be known;
> And if it proves troublesome I will have none."

In our Lord's day many followed him, but it was only for the loaves and fishes. They do say that some in our parish don't go quite so straight as the Jews did, for they go to the church for the loaves, and then go over to the Baptist chapel for the fishes. I don't want to judge, but I certainly do know some who, if they do not care much for faith, are always following after charity.

Better die than sell your soul to the highest bidder. Better be shut up in the workhouse than fatten upon hypocrisy. Whatever else we barter, let us never try to turn a penny by religion, for hypocrisy is the meanest vice a man can come to.

FOOLS SET STOOLS FOR WISE MEN TO STUMBLE OVER.

This is what they call "a lark." Fools set stools for wise men to stumble over. To ask questions is as easy as kissing your hand; to answer them is as

hard as fattening a greyhound. Any fool can throw a stone into a well, and the cleverest man in the parish may never be able to get it up again. Folly grows in all countries, and fools are all the world over, as he said who shod the goose. Silly

people are pleased with their own nonsense, and think it rare fun to quiz their betters. To catch a wise man tripping is as good as bowling a fellow out at a cricket match.

"Folly is wise in her own eyes,
Therefore she tries Wit to surprise."

There are difficulties in everything except in eating pancakes, and nobody ought to be expected to untie all the knots in a net, or to make that straight which God has made crooked. He is the greatest fool of all who pretends to explain everything, and says he will not believe what he cannot understand. There are bones in the meat, but am I to go hungry till I can eat them? Must I never enjoy a cherry till I find one without a stone? John Ploughman is not of that mind. He is under no call to doubt, for he is not a doctor: when people try to puzzle him he tells them that those who made the lock had better make the key, and those who put the cow in the pound had better get her out. Then they get cross, and John only says, You need not be crusty, for you are none too much baked.

A MAN IN A PASSION RIDES A HORSE THAT RUNS AWAY WITH HIM.

When passion has run away with a man, who knows where it may carry him? Once let a rider lose power over his horse, and he may go over

hedge and ditch, and end in a tumble into the stone-quarry and a broken neck. No one can tell in cold blood what he may do when he gets angry; therefore it is best to run no risks. Those who feel their temper rising will be wise if they rise them-

selves and walk off to the pump. Let them fill their mouths with cold water, hold it there ten minutes at least, and then go indoors, and keep there until they feel as cool as a cucumber. If you carry loose gunpowder in your pocket, you had better not go where sparks are flying; and if you are bothered with an irritable nature you should move off when folks begin teasing you. Better keep out of a quarrel than fight your way through it.

Nothing is improved by anger, unless it be the arch of a cat's back. A man with his back up is spoiling his figure. People look none the handsomer for being red in the face. It takes a great deal out of a man to get into a towering rage; it is almost as unhealthy as having a fit, and time has been when men have actually choked themselves with passion, and died on the spot. Whatever wrong I suffer it cannot do me half so much hurt as being angry about it; for passion shortens life and poisons peace.

When once we give way to temper, temper will claim a right of way, and come in easier every time. He that will be in a pet for any little thing will soon be out at elbows about nothing at all. A thunder-storm curdles the milk, and so does a passion sour the heart and spoil the character.

SCATTER AND INCREASE.

PEOPLE will not believe it, and yet it is true as the gospel, that giving leads to thriving. John Bunyan said :

"There was a man, and some did count him mad,
The more he gave away the more he had."

He had an old saying to back him, one which is as old as the hills, and as good as gold :

"Give and spend
And God will send."

If a man cannot pay his debts he must not think of giving, for he has nothing of his own, and it is thieving to give away other people's property. Be just before you are generous. Don't give to Peter what is due to Paul. They used to say that "Give" is dead and "Restore" is buried, but I do not believe it any more than I do another saying, "there are only two honest men, one is dead and the other is not born." No, no, there are many free hearts yet about, and John Ploughman knows a goodish few of them—people who don't cry, "Go next door," but who say, "Here's a little help, and we wish we could make it ten times as much." God has often a great share in a small house, and many a little man has a large heart.

Now, you will find that liberal people are happy people, and get more enjoyment out of what they have than folks of a churlish mind. Misers never rest till they are put to bed with a shovel; they often get so wretched they would hang themselves only they grudge the expense of a rope. Generous souls are made happy by the happiness of others; the money they give to the poor buys them more pleasure than any other that they lay out.

HE WOULD PUT HIS FINGER IN THE PIE, AND SO HE BURNED HIS NAIL OFF.

SOME men must have a finger in every pie, or, as the proverb hath it, "their oar must be in every man's boat." They seem to have no business

except to poke their noses into other people's business; they ought to have snub noses, for they are pretty sure to be snubbed. Prying and spying, peddling and meddling, these folks are in every-

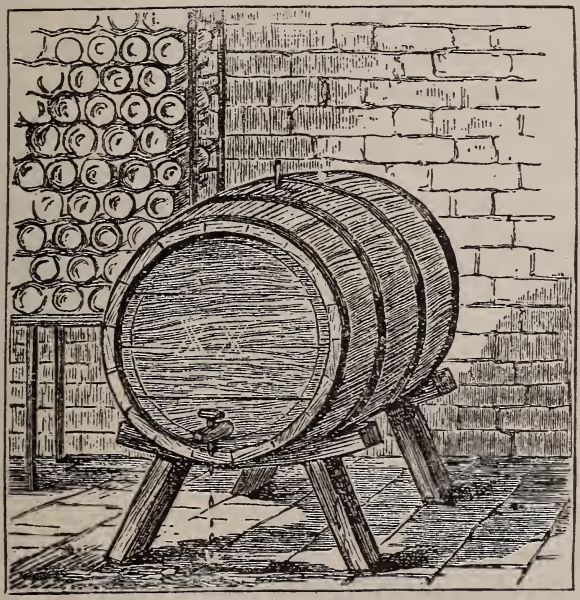
body's way, like the old toll-gate. They come without being sent for, stop without being asked, and cannot be got rid of, unless you take them by the left leg and throw them down stairs, and if you do that they will limp up again and hope they don't intrude. No one pays them, and yet they give advice more often than any lawyer; and though no one ever thanks them, yet there they are, peeping through keyholes and listening under the eaves. They are as great at asking questions as if they wanted you to say the catechism, and as eager to give their opinion as if you had gone down on your knees to ask it.

These folks are like dogs that fetch and carry; they run all over the place like starlings when they are feeding their young. They make much ado, but never do much, unless it is mischief, and at this they are as apt as jackdaws. If any man has such people for his acquaintances, he may well say, "Save me from my friends."

I know you assistance will lend;
When I want it I'll speedily send;
You need not be making such stir,
But mind your own business, good sir.

A LEAKING TAP IS A GREAT WASTER.

A LEAKING tap is a great waster. Drop by drop, by day and by night, the liquor runs away, and the housewife wonders how so much can have gone. This is the fashion in which many laboring



men are kept poor. They don't take care of the pence, and so they have no pounds to put in the bank. You cannot fill the rain-water butt if you do not catch the drops. A sixpence here and a shilling there, and his purse is empty before a

man dares to look in it. What with waste in the kitchen, waste at table and waste at the public-house, fools and their money soon part to meet no more. If the wife wastes too, there are two holes in the barrel. Sometimes the woman dresses in tawdry finery and gets in debt to the tally-man; and it is still worse if she takes to the bottle. When the goose drinks as deep as the gander, pots are soon empty, and the cupboard is bare. Then they talk about saving, like the man who locked the stable door after his horse was stolen. They will not save at the brim, but promise themselves and the pigs that they will do wonders when they get near the bottom. It is well to follow the good old rule

"Spend so as ye may
Spend for many a day."

He who eats all the loaf at breakfast may whistle for his dinner and get a dish of empties. If we do not save while we have it we certainly shall not save after all is gone. There is no grace in waste. Economy is a duty; extravagance is a sin. The old Book saith, "He that hasteth to be rich shall not be innocent," and, depend upon it, he that hasteth to be poor is in much the same box. Stretch your legs according to the length of your blanket, and never spend all that you have:

"Put a little by;
Things may go awry."

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK;

OR,

PLAIN ADVICE FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

TO THE IDLE.

It is no more use to give advice to the idle than to pour water into a sieve; and as to improving them, one might as well try to fatten a greyhound. Yet, as the Old Book tells us to "cast our bread upon the waters," we will cast a hard crust or two upon these stagnant ponds; for there will be this comfort about it, if lazy fellows grow no better, we shall be none the worse for having warned them; for when we sow good sense the basket gets none the emptier. We have a stiff bit of soil to plough when we chide with sluggards, and the crop will be of the smallest; but if none but good land were farmed, ploughmen would be out of work, so we'll put the plough into the furrow. Idle men are common enough, and grow without planting; but the quantity of wit among seven acres of them would never pay for raking; nothing is needed to prove

this but their name and their character; if they were not fools they would not be idlers; and though Solomon says, "The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason," yet in the eyes of every one else his folly is as plain as the sun in the sky. If I hit hard while speaking to them, it is because I know they can bear it; for if I had them down on the floor of the old barn, I might thresh many a day before I could get them out of the straw, and even the steam thresher could not do it: it would kill them first; for laziness is in some people's bones, and will show itself in their idle flesh, do what you will with them.

ON RELIGIOUS GRUMBLERS.

When a man has a particularly empty head, he generally sets up for a great judge, especially in religion. None so wise as the man who knows nothing. His ignorance is the mother of his impudence and the nurse of his obstinacy; and though he does not know B from a bull's foot, he settles matters as if all wisdom were in his fingers' ends—the Pope himself is not more infallible. Hear him talk after he has been at meeting and heard a sermon, and you will know how to pull a good man to pieces, if you never knew before. He sees

faults where there are none, and if there be a few things amiss, he makes every mouse into an elephant. Although you might put all his wit into an egg-shell, he weighs the sermon in the balances of his conceit, with all the airs of a bred-and-born Solomon, and if it be up to his standard, he lays on his praise with a trowel; but if it be not to his taste, he growls and barks and snaps at it like a dog at a hedgehog. Wise men in this world are like trees in a hedge, there is only here and there one; and when these rare men talk together upon a discourse, it is good for the ears to hear them; but the bragging wiseacres I am speaking of are vainly puffed up by their fleshly minds, and their quibbling is as senseless as the cackle of geese on a common. Nothing comes out of a sack but what was in it, and as their bag is empty, they shake nothing but wind out of it. It is very likely that neither ministers nor their sermons are perfect—the best garden may have a few weeds in it, the cleanest corn may have some chaff—but cavillers cavil at anything or nothing, and find fault for the sake of showing off their deep knowledge; sooner than let their tongues have a holiday, they would complain that the grass is not a nice shade of blue, and say that the sky would have looked neater if it had been whitewashed.

ON THE PREACHER'S APPEARANCE.

A GOOD horse cannot be a bad color, and a really good preacher can wear what he likes, and none will care much about it; but though you cannot know wine by the barrel, a good appearance is a letter of recommendation even to a ploughman. Wise men neither fall into love nor take a dislike at first sight, but still the first impression is always a great thing even with them; and as to those weaker brethren who are not wise, a good appearance is half the battle. What is a good appearance? Well, it's not being pompous and starchy, and making one's self high and mighty among the people, for proud looks lose hearts, and gentle words win them. It's not wearing fine clothes either, for foppish dress usually means a foul house within, and the doorstep without fresh whitened; such dressing tells the world that the outside is the best part of the puppet. When a man is as proud as a peacock, all strut and show, he needs converting himself before he sets up to preach to others. The preacher who measures himself by his looking-glass may please a few silly girls, neither God nor man will long put up with him. The man who owes his greatness to his tailor will find that needle and thread cannot

long hold a fool in a pulpit. A gentleman should have more in his pocket than on his back, a minister should have more in his inner man than on his outer man. I would say, if I might, to young ministers, do not preach in gloves, for cats in mittens catch no mice; don't curl and oil your hair like dandies, for nobody cares to hear a peacock's voice; don't have your own pretty self in your mind at all, or nobody else will mind you. Away with gold rings, and chains, and jewelry; why should the pulpit become a goldsmith's shop? Forever away with surplices and gowns, and all those nursery doll-dresses—men should put away childish things. A cross on the back is the sign of a devil in the heart; those who do as Rome does, should go to Rome and show their colors.

ON GOOD NATURE AND FIRMNESS.

Do not be all sugar, or the world will suck you down ; but do not be all vinegar, or the world will spit you out. There is a medium in all things; only blockheads go to extremes. We need not be all rock or all sand, all iron or all wax. We should neither fawn upon everybody like silly lapdogs, nor fly at all persons like surly mastiffs. Blacks and whites go together to make up a world, and hence

on the point of temper we have all sorts of people to deal with. Some are as easy as an old shoe, but they are hardly ever worth more than the other one of the pair; and others take fire as fast as tinder at the smallest offence, and are as dangerous as gunpowder. To have a fellow going about the farm as cross with everybody as a bear with a sore head, with a temper as sour as verjuice and as sharp as a razor, looking as surly as a butcher's dog, is a great nuisance, and yet there may be some good points about the man, so that he may be a man for all that; but poor soft Tommy, as green as grass and as ready to bend as a willow, is nobody's money and everybody's scorn. A man must have a backbone, or how is he to hold his head up? but that backbone must bend, or he will knock his brow against the beam.

ON GOSSIPS.

"It is nothing—only a woman drowning," is a wicked and spitful old saying, which, like the bridle, came out of the common notion that women do a world of mischief with their tongues. Is it so or not? John Ploughman will leave somebody else to answer, for he owns that he cannot keep a secret himself, and likes a dish of chat as well as

anybody; only John does not care for cracking people's characters, and hates the slander which is so sweet to some people's teeth. John puts the question to wiser men than himself. Are women much worse than men in this business? They say that silence is a fine jewel for a woman, but it is very little worn. Is it so? Is it true that woman only conceales what she does not know? Are women's tongues like lambs' tails, always wagging? They say foxes are all tail, and women all tongue. Is this false or not? Was that old prayer a needful one—"From big guns and women's tongues deliver us?" John has a right good and quiet wife of his own, whose voice is so sweet that he cannot hear it too often, and, therefore, he is not a fair judge; but he is half afraid that some other women would sooner preach than pray, and would not require strong tea to set their clappers going; but still, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and some men are quite as bad blabs as the women.

ON SEIZING OPPORTUNITIES.

Some men never are awake when the train starts, but crawl into the station just in time to see that everybody is off, and then sleepily say, "Dear me,

is the train gone? My watch must have stopped in the night!" They always come into town a day after the fair, and open their wares an hour after the market is over. They make their hay when the sun has left off shining, and cut their corn as soon as the fine weather is ended. They cry "hold hard!" after the shot has left the gun, and lock the stable-door when the steed is stolen. They are like a cow's tail, always behind; they take time by the heels, and not by the forelock, if indeed they ever take him at all. They are no more worth than an old almanac; their time has gone for being of use; but, unfortunately, you cannot throw them away as you would the almanac, for they are like the cross old lady who had an annuity left to her, and meant to take out the full value of it; they won't die, though they are of no use alive. Take-it-easy and Live-long are first cousins, they say, and the more's the pity. If they are immortal till their work is done, they will not die in a hurry, for they have not even begun to work yet. Shiftless people generally excuse their laziness by saying, "they are only a little behind;" but a little too late is much too late, and a miss is as good as a mile.

ON KEEPING ONE'S EYES OPEN.

To get through this world a man must look about him, and even sleep with one eye open; for there are many baits for fishes, many nets for birds, and many traps for men. While foxes are so common, we must not be geese. There is a very great difference in this matter among people of my acquaintance; many see more with one eye than others with two and many have fine eyes and cannot see a jot. All heads are not sense-boxes. Some are so cunning that they suspect everybody, and so live all their lives in miserable fear of their neighbors; others are so simple that every knave takes them in, and makes his penny of them. One man tries to see through a brick wall, and hurts his eyes; while another finds out a hole in it, and sees as far as he pleases. Some work at the mouth of a furnace, and are never scorched, and others burn their hands at the fire when they only mean to warm them. Now, it is true that no one can give another experience, and we must all pick up wit for ourselves; yet I shall venture to give some of the homely cautions which have served my turn, and perhaps they may be of use to others, as they have been to me.

DEBT.

When I was a very small boy, in pinafores, and went to a woman's school, it so happeued that I wanted a stick of slate-pencil, and had no money to buy it with. I was afraid of being scolded for losing my pencils so often, for I was a real careless little fellow, and so did not dare to ask at home; what then was John to do? There was a little shop in the place, where nuts, and tops, and cakes, and balls were sold by old Mrs. Dearson, and sometimes I had seen boys and girls get trusted by the old lady. I argued with myself that Christmas was coming, and that somebody or other would be sure to give me a penny then, and perhaps even a whole silver sixpence. I would, therefore, go into debt for a stick of slate-pencil, and be sure to pay at Christmas. I did not feel easy about it, but still I screwed my courage up, and went into the shop. One farthing was the amount, and as I had never owed anything before, and my credit was good, the pencil was handed over by the kind dame, and *I was in debt.* It did not please me much, and I felt as if I had done wrong, but I little knew how soon I should smart for it. How my father came to hear of this little stroke of business I never knew, but some little bird or other

whistled it to him, and he was very soon down upon me in right earnest. God bless him for it; he was a sensible man, and none of your children spoilers; he did not intend to bring up his children to speculate and play at what big rogues call financing, and therefore he knocked my getting into debt on the head at once, and no mistake. He gave me a very powerful lecture upon getting into debt, and how like it was to stealing, and upon the way in which people were ruined by it; and how a boy who would owe a farthing might one day owe a hundred pounds, and get into prison, and bring his family into disgrace. It was a lecture, indeed; I think I can hear it now, and can feel my ears tingling at the recollection of it. Then I was marched off to the shop like a deserter marched into barracks, crying bitterly all down the street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed because I thought everybody knew I was in debt. The farthing was paid, amid many solemn warnings, and the poor debtor was set free, like a bird let out of a cage. How sweet it felt to be out of debt.

FAULTS.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down in

the world, and I never did either see a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall till two Sundays come together You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless;" of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's-cap, I have nevertheless heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadows, so is all human good mixed up more or less of evil; even poor-law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature.

THINGS NOT WORTH TRYING.

That is a wise old saying, "Spend not all you have; believe not all you hear; tell not all you know, and do not all you can." There is so much

work to be done that needs our hands, that it is a pity to waste a grain of strength. When the game is not worth the candle, drop it at once. It is wasting time to look for milk in a gate-post, or blood in a turnip, or sense in a fool. Never ask a covetous man for money till you have boiled a flint soft. Don't sue a debtor who has not a penny to bless himself with—you will only be throwing good money after bad, which is like losing your ferret without getting the rabbit. Never offer a looking-glass to a blind man; if a man is so proud that he will not see his faults, he will only quarrel with you for pointing them out to him. It is of no use to hold a lantern to a mole, or to talk of heaven to a man who cares for nothing but his dirty money. There is a time for everything, and it is a silly thing to preach to drunken men; it is casting pearls before swine; get them sober, and then talk to them soberly; if you lecture them while they are drunk, you act as if you were drunk yourself.

MEN WHO ARE DOWN.

No man's lot is fully known till he is dead; change of fortune is the lot of life. He who rides in the carriage may yet have to clean it. Sawyers change places, and he who is up aloft may have

to take his turn in the pit. The thought that we may ourselves be one day under the window, should make us careful when we are throwing out dirty water. With what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again, and therefore let us look well to our dealings with the unfortunate.

Nothing makes me more sick of human nature than to see the way in which men treat others when they fall down the ladder of fortune: "Down with him," they cry, "he always was good for nothing."

> "Down among the dead men, down, down, down,
> Down among the dead men, there let him lie."

Dog won't eat dog, but men will eat each other up like canninals, and boast of it too. There are thousands in this world who fly like vultures to feed on a tradesman or a merchant as soon as ever he gets into trouble. Where the carcass is thither will the eagles be gathered together. Instead of a little help, they give the sinking man a great deal of cruelty, and cry, "Serves him right." All the world will beat the man whom fortune buffets. If providence smites him, all men's whips begin to crack. The dog is drowning, and therefore all his friends empty their buckets over him. The tree has fallen, and everybody runs for his hatchet.

The house is on fire, and all the neighbors warm themselves. The man has ill luck, therefore his friends give him ill usage; he has tumbled into the road, and they drive their carts over him; he is down, and selfishness cries, "Let him be kept down, then there will be the more room for those who are up."

SPENDING.

To earn money is easy compared with spending it well; anybody may dig up potatoes, but it is not one woman in ten that can cook them. Men do not become rich by what they get, but by what they save. Many men who have money are short of wit as a hog is of wool; they are under years of discretion, though they have turned forty, and make ducks and drakes of hundreds as boys do of stones. What their fathers got with rakes, they throw away with shovel. After the miser comes the prodigal. Often men say of the spendthrift, his own father was no man's friend but his own; and now the son is no man's enemy but his own; the fact is, the old gentleman went to hell by the lean road, and his son has made up his mind to go there by the fat.

HINTS AS TO THRIVING.

HARD work is the grand secret of success. Nothing but rags and poverty can come of idleness. Elbow-grease is the only stuff to make gold with. No sweat, no sweet. He who would have the crow's eggs must climb the tree. Every man must build up his own fortune nowadays. Shirt-sleeves rolled up lead on to best broadcloth; and he who is not ashamed of the apron will soon be able to do without it. "Diligence is the mother of good luck," as poor Richard says; but "Idleness is the devil's bolster," as John Ploughman says.

Believe in traveling on step by step; don't expect to be rich in a jump:

> Great greediness to reap
> Helps not the money heap.

Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance, by its daily gains, enriches a man far more than fits and starts of fortunate speculation. Little fishes are sweet. Every little helps, as the sow said when she snapped at a gnat. Every day a thread makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We should creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the worse speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

It is bad beginning business without capital. It is hard marketing with empty pockets. We want a nest-egg, for hens will lay where there are eggs already. It is true you must bake with the flour you have, but if the sack is empty it might be quite as well not to set up for a baker. Making bricks without straw is easy enough compared with making money when you have none to start with. You, young gentleman, stay a journeyman a little longer, till you have saved a few pounds; fly when your wings have got feathers; but if you try it too soon you will be like the young rook that broke its neck through trying to fly before it was fledged. Every minnow wants to be a whale, but it is prudent to be a little fish while you have but little water; when your pond becomes the sea, then swell as much as you like. Trading without capital is like building a house without bricks, making a fire without sticks, burning candles without wicks; it leads men into tricks, and lands them in a fix.

Don't give up a small business till you see that a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread.

> Better a poor horse than an empty stall;
> Better half a loaf than none at all.

Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and

feed himself had better not move. From bad to worse is poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Don't jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Remember many men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit is better than a great concern at a loss; a small fire that warms you is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water can be got from a small pipe, if the bucket is always there to catch it. Large hares may be caught in small woods. A sheep may get fat in a small meadow, and starve in a great desert. He who undertakes too much succeeds but little. Two shops are like two stools, a man comes to the ground between them. You may burst a bag by trying to fill it too full, and ruin yourself by grasping at too much.

> In a great river great fish are found,
> But take good heed lest you be drown'd.

Make as few changes as you can; trees often transplanted bear little fruit. If you have difficulties in one place, you will have them in another; if you move because it is damp in the valley, you may find it cold on the hill. Where will the ass go that he will not have to work? Where can a cow live and not get milked? Where will you find

land without stones, or meat without bones? Everywhere on earth men must eat bread in the sweat of their faces. To fly from trouble men must have eagle wings. Alteration is not always improvement, as the pigeon said when she got out of the net and into the pie. There is a proper time for changing, and then mind you bestir yourself, for a sitting hen gets no barley; but do not be forever on the shift, for a rolling stone gathers no moss. Stick-to-it is the conqueror. He who can wait long enough will win. This, that, and the other, anything and everything, all put together, make nothing in the end; but on one horse a man rides home in due season. In one place the seed grows, in one nest the bird hatches its eggs, in one oven the bread bakes, in one river the fish lives.

Do not be above your business. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks: there's some discomfort in all trades except chimney-sweeping. If sailors gave up going to sea because of the wet, if bakers left off baking because it is hot work, if plowmen would not plow because of the cold, and tailors would not make our clothes for fear of pricking their fingers, what a pass we should come to!

Nonsense, my fine fellow, there's no shame about any honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there's plenty of soap to be had. All trades are good to good traders. A clever man can make money out of dirt. Lucifer matches pay well, if you sell enough of them.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND MEDITATIONS;

Or, Flowers from a Puritan's Garden.

BIRD TIED BY A STRING.

"A bird that is tied by a string seems to have more liberty than a bird in a cage; it flutters up and down, and yet it is held fast."

When a man thinks that he has escaped from the bondage of sin in general, and yet evidently remains under the power of some one favored lust, he is woefully mistaken in his judgment as to his spiritual freedom. He may boast that he is out of the cage, but assuredly the string is on his leg. He who has his fetters knocked off, all but one chain, is a prisoner still. "Let not any iniquity have dominion over me" is a good and wise prayer; for one pampered sin will slay the soul as surely as one dose of poison will kill the body. There is no need for a traveller to be bitten by a score of deadly vipers, the tooth of one cobra is quite sufficient to insure his destruction. One sin, like one match, can kindle the fires of hell within the soul.

The practical application of this truth should be made by the professor who is a slave to drink, or

to covetousness, or to passion. How can you be free if any one of these chains still holds you fast? We have met with professors who are haughty, and despise others; how can these be the Lord's free men while pride surrounds them?

THE CRACKED POT.

"The unsoundness of a vessel is not seen when it is empty; but when it is filled with water, then we shall see whether it will leak or no."

It is in our prosperity that we are tested. Men are not fully discovered to themselves till they are tried by fullness of success. Praise finds out the crack of pride, wealth reveals the flaw of selfishness, and learning discovers the leak of unbelief. David's besetting sin was little seen in the tracks of the wild goats, but it became conspicuous upon the terraces of his palace. Success is the crucible of character. Hence the prosperity which some welcome as an unmixed favor may far more rightly be regarded as an intense form of test. O Lord, preserve us when we are full as much as when we are empty.

MEADOWS AND MARSHES.

"Meadows may be occasionally flooded, but the marshes are drowned by the tide at every return thereof."

There is all this difference between the sins of the righteous and those of the ungodly. Surprised

by temptation, true saints are flooded with a passing outburst of sin; but the wicked delight in transgression and live in it as in their element. The saint in his errors is a star under a cloud, but the sinner is darkness itself. The gracious may fall into iniquity, but the graceless run into it, wallow in it, and again and again return to it.

THE WEAK STRONG, AND THE STRONG WEAK.

"It is related of Laurence Saunders, the martyr, that one day in the country, meeting his friend Dr. Pendleton, an earnest preacher in King Edward's reign, they debated upon what they had best do in the dangerous time that Mary's accession had brought upon them. Saunders confessed that his spirit was ready, but he felt the flesh was at present too weak for much suffering. But Pendleton admonished him, and appeared all courage and forwardness to face every peril. They both came, under the control of circumstances, to London, and there, when danger arose, Pendleton shrunk from the cross, and Saunders resolutely took it up."

The reader has probably met with this story before, but it will not harm him to learn its lesson again. We are certainly stronger when we feel our weakness than when we glory in our strength. Our pastoral observation over a very large church has led us to expect to see terrible failures among those who carry their heads high among their brethren. Poor timid souls who are afraid to put one foot before another, for fear they should go

an inch astray, go on from year to year in lovely, bashful holiness, and at the same time the very professors who condemned them, and distressed them by their confident pretensions, fall like Lucifer, never to hope again.

COVETOUSNESS AS A SERVANT.

'Covetousness may be entertained as a servant where it is not entertained as a master—entertained as a servant to provide oil and fuel to make other sins burn."

Where avarice is the absolute master, the man is a miser; but even he is not more truly miserable than the man whose gainings only furnish opportunity for indulging in vice. Such persons are greedy that they may become guilty. Their money buys them the means of their own destruction, and they are eager after it. Winning and saving with them are but means for profligacy, and therefore they think themselves fine, liberal fellows, and dispise the penurious habits of the miser. Yet in what respects are they better than he? Their example is certainly far more injurious to the commonwealth, and their motive is not one whit better. Selfishness is the mainspring of action in each case; the difference lies in the means selected and not in the end proposed. Both seek their own gratification, the one by damning up the

river, and the other by drowning the country with its floods. Let the profligate judge for himself, whether he is one grain better than the greediest skinflint whom he so much ridicules.

INFANTS AND SICK FOLK.

"Though we cannot love their weaknesses, yet we must love the weak, and bear with their infirmities, not breaking the bruised reed. Infants must not be turned out of the family because they cry, and are unquiet and troublesome; though they be peevish and froward, yet we must bear it with gentleness and patience, as we do the frowardness of the sick; if they revile we must not revile again, but must seek gently to restore them, notwithstanding all their censures."

This patience is far too rare. We do not make allowances enough for our fellows, but sweepingly condemn those whom we ought to cheer with our sympathy. If we are out of temper ourselves, we plead the weather, or a headache, or our natural temperament, or aggravating circumstances; we are never at a loss for an excuse for ourselves, why should not the same ingenuity be used by our charity in inventing apologies and extenuations for others? It is a pity to carry on the trade of apology-making entirely for home consumption; let us supply others. True, they are very provoking, but if we suffered half as much as some of our irritable friends have to endure we should be even more

aggravating. Think in many cases of their ignorance, their unfortunate bringing up, their poverty, their depression of spirit, and their home surroundings, and pity will come to the help of patience. We are tender to a man who has a gouty toe—cannot we extend the feeling to those who have an irritable soul?

THE DRUNKEN SERVANT STILL A SERVANT.

"A drunken servant is a servant, and bound to do his work; his master loseth not his right by his man's default."

It is a mere assumption, though some state it with much confidence, that inability removes responsibility. As our author shows, a servant may be too drunk to do his master's bidding, but his service is still his master's due. If responsibility began and ended with ability, a man would be out of debt as soon as he was unable to pay; and if a man felt that he could not keep his temper, he would not be blamable for being angry. A man may be bound to do what he cannot do: the habitual liar is bound to speak the truth, though his habit of falsehood renders him incapable of it. Every sin renders the sinner less able to do right, but the standard of his duty is not lowered in proportion to the lowering of his capacity to come up

to it, or it would follow that the more a man is depraved by sin the less guilty his actions become, which is absurd.

THE TRAITOR WITHIN.

"A garrison is not free from danger while it hath an enemy lodged within."

You may bolt all your doors, and fasten all your windows, but if the thieves have placed even a little child within doors, who can draw the bolts for them, the house is still unprotected. All the sea outside a ship cannot do it damage till the water enters within and fills the hold. Hence, it is clear, our greatest danger is from within. All the devils in hell and tempters on earth could do us no injury if there were no corruption in our nature. The sparks will fall harmlessly if there is no tinder. Alas, our heart is our greatest enemy; this is the little home-born thief.

AUGUSTINE'S STORY.

"Take heed of giving way to sin. The heart that was easily troubled before, when once it is inured to sin, loseth all its sensitiveness and tenderness, and what seemed intolerable at first grows into a delight. Alipius, St. Austin's friend, first abhorred the bloody spectacles of the gladiators, but gave himself leave, through the importunity of friends, to be present for once. He would not so much as open his eyes at first; but at length, when the people shouted, he gave himself liberty to see, and then not only beheld the

spectacles with delight, but drew others to behold what himself once loathed."

The story has had its counterpart in thousands of instances. Men who shuddered at the sight of a dead bird have, by familiarity with cruelty, come to commit murder without compunction. Those who sipped half a glass of wine have come to drink by the gallon. Stanch Protestants have given way to some little form and ceremony, and become more popish than the Romanists themselves. There is no safety if we venture an inch over the boundary line; indeed, little allowances are more dangerous than greater compliances, since conscience does not receive a wound, and yet the man is undone, and falls by little and little.

DRINKING TO DROWN CARE.

"He is a mountebank who strives to make men forget their spiritual sorrows instead of leading them to the true cure. This is like a man in debt, who drinks to drown his thoughts; but this neither pays the debt nor postpones the reckoning."

When conscience is uneasy, it is foolish as well as wicked to attempt to smother its cries with worldly merriment. Nay, let us hear it patiently. If we be in debt let us know it, and set about meeting our liabilities like honest men; but to burn the ledger and discharge the clerk is a madman's

way of going to work. O soul, be true to thyself. Face thine own case, however bad it may be; for refusing to know and consider the sure facts will not alter or improve them. He is a cruel doctor who tells the afflicted patient that he ails nothing, and thus sets him for the time at his ease, at the terrible cost of future disease, rendered incurable by delay.

Lord, bring me to the bar of my conscience now, lest I stand condemned at thy bar of judgment hereafter.

CÆSAR KILLED WITH BODKINS.

"Not only do great sins ruin the soul, but lesser faults will do the same. Dallying with temptation leads to sad consequences. Cæsar was killed with bodkins."

A dagger aimed at the heart will give as deadly a wound as a huge two-handed sword, and a little sin unrepented of will be as fatal as a gross transgression. Brutus and Cassius and the rest of the conspirators could not have more surely ended Cæsar's life with spears than they did with daggers. Death can hide in a drop, and ride in a breath of air. Our greatest dangers lie hidden in little things. Milton represents thousands of evil spirits as crowded into one hall; and truly the least sin may be a very Pandemonium, in which a host

of evils may be concealed—a populous hive of mischiefs each one storing death.

BERNARD'S CHARITY.

"When Bernard chanced to espy a poor man meanly apparelled, he would say to himself: 'Truly, Bernard, this man hath more patience beneath his cross than thou hast.' But if he saw a rich man delicately clothed, then he would say: 'It may be that this man, under his delicate clothing, hath a better soul than thou hast under thy religious habit!'"

This showed an excellent charity! Oh, that we could learn it! It is easy to think evil of all men, for there is sure to be some fault about each one which the least discerning may readily discover; but it is far more worthy of a Christian, and shows much more nobility of soul, to spy out the good in each fellow-believer. This needs a larger mind as well as a better heart, and hence it should be a point of a honor to practise ourselves in it till we obtain an aptitude for it. Any simpleton might be set to sniff out offensive odors; but it would require a scientific man to bring to us all the fragrant essences and rare perfumes which lie hid in field and garden. Oh, to learn the science of Christian charity! It is an art far more to be esteemed than the most lucrative of human labors. This choice art of love is the true alchemy. Charity towards others, abundantly practised, would be the death of

envy and the life of fellowship, the overthrow of self and the enthronement of grace.

A SWORD NOT TO BE JUDGED BY THE BELT.

"We do not judge a sword to be good merely because it hangs by a golden belt, or because it is set in a jewelled hilt."

Neither is a doctrine to be valued because a fine orator delivers it in gorgeous speech with glittering words. A lie is none the better for being bespangled with poetic phrases and high-sounding periods. Yet half our people forget this, and glittering oratory fascinates them. Alas, poor simpletons!

The same blunders are made about men, who should ever be esteemed according to their native worth, and not according to their position and office. What mistakes we should make if we considered all the hangers-on of great men to be themselves great, or all the followers of good men to be themselves necessarily good. Alas! the Lord Himself had His Judas, and to this day swords of brittle metal hang at the golden girdle of His church. A man is not a saint because he occupies a saintly office, or repeats saintly words.

No; the test of a sword's goodness is to be found

in battle. Will its edge turn in the fray, or will it cut through a coat of mail? Will our faith bear affliction? Will it stand us in good stead when we are hand to hand with the enemy? Will it avail us in the dying hour? If not, we may suspend it on the glittering belt of great knowledge, and hold it by the jewelled hilt of a high profession; but woe unto us!

SATAN CASTING OUT SATAN.

"Lusts are contrary one to another, and therefore jostle for the throne, and usually take it by turns. As our ancestors sent for the Saxons to drive out the Picts, so do carnal men drive out one lust by another, and, like the lunatic in the gospel (Matt. xvii,) fall sometimes into the water, and sometimes into the fire."

Of what use then can reforms be which are wrought by an evil agency? If sobriety be the fruit of pride, it grows upon a pernicious root, and though the body be no longer intoxicated, the mind will be drunken. If revenge be foresworn from considerations of avarice, the meanness of the miserly is a small gain upon the fury of the passionate. If outward irreligion be abandoned out of a desire to gain human applause, the Pharisee will be a very slender improvement upon the prodigal. Satan's casting out of Satan is deceitful work; his intent no doubt is to establish his empire by pretending to overthrow it.

No, there must be another power at work; or little is accomplished. Any fancied good which one devil may bring another is sure to take away, and the last end of the man whom Satan mends is always worse than the first. A stronger than he must enter in by force of grace, and hurl him out by divine force, and take full possession, or the man may be another man but not a new man.

THE BURNING-GLASS.

"When the beams of the sun are contracted by a burning-glass, upon one spot, then they cause fire; so when our thoughts are concentrated on one object they warm the heart and at last burn the truth into it."

This is the reason why so many sermons and addresses are so cold and ineffective; they are not sufficiently focused upon one point. There are many rays of light, but they are scattered. We get a little upon many things, while what is wanted is one great truth, and so much upon it as shall fix it on the heart, and set the soul blazing with it. This is the fault of many lives: they are squandered upon a dozen objects, whereas if they were economized for one, they would be mighty lives, known in the present and honored in the future. "This one thing I do" is a necessary motto if we are to accomplish anything.

BARKING DOGS CATCH NO GAME.

"Hard speeches have an evil influence in controversy, and do exasperate rather than convince. The dog that followeth the game with barking and bawling loseth the prey; and there is not a more likely way to undermine the truth than an unseemly defence of it. Satan is mightily gratified, if men had eyes to see it, with the ill managing of God's cause."

This lesson is a needful one. Zealots are apt to mistake hard words for arguments. The more in earnest we are, the more we are tempted to speak bitterly, and to overlook the better side of our opponent's cause. Many who think with us applaud us most for those very utterances which deserve the censure of the wise; and this foolish commendation is apt to egg us on in the same unprofitable direction. They would be more judicious if, while approving our seal, they hinted that we might use a sweeter method and be none the less strong.

We hope as we grow older to be able to hunt more quietly, with surer scent but with less barking. Certainly as we grow in grace we shall more carefully distinguish between holy ardor which is kindled by the Spirit, and carnal heat, which is the wild-fire of unrenewed nature. God grant that as we grow prudent we may not also become lukewarm; else we may gain one way and lose another. We are poor creatures, for when we try to avoid an

evil we generally swing like a pendulum to the opposite quarter, and commit another folly The middle point, the golden mean of virtue, we do not readily reach.

VIOLET AND NETTLE.

"Laden boughs hang low. The nettle mounteth above its fellow weeds, but the violet lieth shrouded under its leaves, and is only found out by its own scent."

Walking one day by a stream we were conscious of a delicious perfume, and only then did we perceive the little blue eyes which were looking up to us so meekly from the ground on which we stood. Virtue is always modest, and modesty is itself a virtue. He who is discovered by his real excellence, and not by his egotistical advertisements of his own perfections, is a man worth knowing; the other is a mere nettle who is sure to be forgotten, unless indeed his blustering pride should sting some tender spirit and secure a wretched kind of remembrance.

THE CLEW OF THE MAZE.

LET US LIVE.

The most important part of human life is not its end, but its beginning. Our death-day is the child of the past, but our opening years are the sires of the future. At the last hour men summon to their bedside a solemnity of thought which arrives too late for any practical result. The hush and awe and far-away look, so frequent in departing moments, should have come much sooner. Commend us to the example of the Hebrew king, who fasted and wore sackcloth while the child was yet alive. Wisely did he foresee the uselessness of lamenting when the scene should close. "Can I bring him back again?" was one of the most sensible of questions.

It may be serious business to take the cold iron from the anvil; it seems to us far sadder to be standing still, and seeing the hot bar grow chill. Brother, at my side, whoever you may be, LET US STRIKE!

WHAT HAS DOUBT ACHIEVED?

How is it that no such trophy has ever been raised to the honor of unbelief? Will the poet of infidelity and the historian of scepticism yet appear? If so, what will be their record? "Working righteousness" and "obtaining promises" are rather out of the line of doubt, and it is not likely to endure much suffering to "obtain a better resurrection," for it sneers at the mention of such a thing; the eulogist of doubt would have to content himself with lower achievements. But what would they be? What hospitals or orphanages has doubt erected? What missions to cannibal tribes has infidelity sustained? What fallen women or profligate men has scepticism reclaimed and new-created?

DOUBT IS STERILE.

The fact is that doubt is negative, destructive, sterile. It constrains no man to nobler things, and begets in the human mind no hopes or aspirations. It is by no means a principle upon which to base life's fabric; for whatever force it has is subversive, and not constructive. A principle which tends to nothing but universal smash is not one to which an ordinary man may contentedly commit the ruling of his life. What if some religious notions be mere fancy, impractical, and imaginary? It is no great thing after all to be good at breaking up the *bric-a-brac* of the house. However much the coldly-wise may rejoice to be rid of what they call rubbish, it will be no great feat to sweep away all the frail fabrics; the genius required is akin to that which is incarnate in a monkey or wild bull. Our ambition lies in a higher region; we would construct rather than destroy. Since we aspire to honorable and useful lives, we seek a positive force which will bear us onward and upward. Those who prefer to do so may doubt, and doubt, and doubt to the dregs of nothing; but our choice is to find truth and believe it, that it may be a life-force to us. No partisan has yet had the hardihood to preach an evangel of *"doubt and live;"* for too manifestly doubt is akin to death; but BELIEVE AND LIVE is the essence of the message from heaven, and we accept it.

SELF-RELIANCE AND A BETTER RELIANCE.

Self-reliance is inculcated as a moral virtue, and in a certain sense, with due surroundings, it is so. Observation and experience show that it is a considerable force in the world. He who questions his own powers, and does not know his own mind, hesitates, trembles, falters, fails; his diffidence is the author of his disappointment. The self-reliant individual hopes, considers, plans, resolves, endeavors, perseveres succeeds; his assurance of victory is one leading cause of his triumph. A man believes in his own capacity, and unless he is altogether a piece of emptiness he gradually convinces others that his estimate is correct. Even self-conceit, immodest though it be, has sometimes acted forcefully, just as,

at a pinch, Dutch courage has supplied the place of valor. The essence of the matter is that confidence of some sort is an item of great importance in accomplishing our designs, and distrust or doubt is a source of weakness in any and every case. Faith, then, we choose, rather than doubt, as the mainspring of our life.

SCEPTICISM—NO VERY GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

It has been well said, "Nothing is easier than to doubt. A man of moderate ability or learning can doubt more than the wisest men believe." Faith demands knowledge, for it is an intelligent grace, able and anxious to justify itself; but infidelity is not required to give a reason for the doubt that is in it; a defiant mien and a blustering tone answer its purpose quite as well as argument. In fact, the present acme of unbelief is to know nothing; and what is this but the apothesis of ignorance? Great is the glory of knowing nothing!

A man may glide into agnosticism insensibly, and remain in it languidly; but to believe is to be alive—alive to conflict and watchfulness. Those who think faith to be a childish business will have to make considerable advances toward manliness before they are able to test their own theory.

Shall we prefer doubt because it is so ready to our hand, or shall we become truth-seekers even if we have to dive like pearl-fishers? That depends upon the mind which is in us. We shall elect our life-rule according to the spirit within. A brave soul will not tamely follow the ignoble way of the many, but will aspire to the higher paths even if they be the more difficult.

FAITH IN THE UNSEEN.

That we should limit our confidence to the region of our senses is an absurd supposition. No man has seen, or heard, or tasted the greatest of known forces. Steam, electricity, gravitation, and the rest of the giants, are all invisible. The earth is preserved in its orbit by forces which we cannot grasp. "He hangeth the world upon nothing." The visible powers are of minor rank; the more completely a force can

be compassed by human thought, the more insignificant it must be. Take an illustration from daily life: the old Latin proverb hath it, that it is the mark of a poor man than he can count his flocks. The few pounds which he has saved can be handled by the artisan every hour of the day if their jingle pleases him; but the great banker has never seen his millions, and the evidence that he possesses them lies in certain bonds and bills in which he places unquestionable reliance. He is rich by faith. He could hardly be very rich and actually see his wealth.

GOD CAN BE KNOWN.

It has been asserted that God cannot be known. Those who say this declare that they themselves know nothing but phenomena; and therefore they are bound, if candid, to admit that they do not themselves know that God cannot be known. As they confessedly know nothing about it, they should not be offended if we leave them out of our consideration.

He who made the world was certainly an intelligent Being, in fact, the highest Intelligence; for in myriads of ways His works display the presence of profound thought and knowledge. Lord Bacon said, "I had rather believe all the fables of the Talmud and the Koran than that this universal frame is without a Mind." This being so, we do in that very fact know God in a measure; aye, and in such a measure that we are prepared to trust Him. He that made all things is more truly an object of confidence than all things that He has made.

GOD'S EXISTENCE NOT TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

Do we take God's existence for granted? Certainly not. We believe it to be a fact proved beyond any other. To the candid mind, not diseased with cavilling, but honestly rational, the existence of a work proves the existence of a worker, a design necessitates a designer, a forethought involves a fore-thinker. Now, if we were even in a desert with Mungo Park, a bit of moss would be argument enough that

God was there; or, for the matter of that, the sand under our feet and the sun above our heads would suffice to prove that fact. But dwelling on a fair island, teeming with all manner of life, we may count as many proofs of the Godhead as there are objects of sight, and hearing, and taste, and smell.

This, of course, is called a "mere platitude;" but, by the gentleman's leave, his Latin word makes no difference to the absolute certainty of the argument.

If more proofs were offered, they would no doubt be blocked in the same captious manner; but contemptuous epithets are no replies to fair reasoning. We conceive that one sound proof is better than twenty faulty ones; and if that one does not convince, neither would a legion. The French *savants, en route* for Egypt, pestered Napoleon with their denials of a God, but his astute intellect was not led astray. He took them upon deck, and pointing to the stars, demanded, "Who made all these?"

DOUBT LOGICALLY CARRIED OUT.

Doubt, as to the being of a God, has but a short way to run to finish its legitimate career. No man who believes that he has a soul can give better proof of his mental being than that which we can give of the existence of God. Let him try. He claims that his own consciousness is a proof of his being alive. We reply that it may be very good evidence to himself, but it can be none to us, nor would a rational man attempt to use it in that way. Our friend answers, "I work, and my work demonstrates that I am." Precisely so, and God's works demonstrate that *He* is. Quickly it is replied, "But you see me work, and you see not God." To which we answer, we by no means see *you* work; your body is not yourself, your true self we have never seen. Your mind executes its purpose through your external frame, and we see your limbs moving; but the soul which moves them is out of sight, and it is a mystery of mysteries how a spiritual subsistence, such as the mind is, should be able to operate upon matter. The initial impression of mind upon matter is

a secret which no mortal has unveiled. You cannot prove the existence of your soul to another man except by the same arguments which prove the being of God.

THE GREAT GOD ANSWERING TO FAITH.

Moreover, we may not refuse reliance upon God on the ground of our insignificance; for it is not conceivable that anything can be too little for God. The wonders of the microscope are quite as remarkable as those of the telescope; we may not set a bound to the Lord in one direction any more than in the other. He can and will show His divine skill in a man's life, as well as in a planet's circuit.

Witnesses are alive to testify to the Lord's making bare His arm on the behalf of them that trust Him. Any man may also put the principle to the test in his own instance; and it is memorable that none have done so in vain. There are no reasons in His nature why God should not answer to His creatures' confidence; there are many reasons why He should; at any rate as far as we are concerned, we are ready to put it to the test, and to let the experiment last throughout our whole existence.

WHY IS NOT GOD RELIED ON?

Does it not seem remarkable that so few men should lovingly reach forth to the idea of linking their lives to God in faith? Why is it? The severe moralist would rightly answer—because they have no desire to lead lives with which God could have any connection; they seek not such purity, truth, justice, holiness as God's energy would work in them. Doubtless this is the case; but let it not be true of us. Virtue is so admirable that we cannot have too much of it, and the fact that the divine power makes toward goodness is one of its chief attractions in the eyes of right-minded men.

FURTHER CAUSES OF NON-BELIEF.

Secretly men have a confidence somewhere, even when they refuse to rely upon God. They have made gods of

themselves, and have come to rest in self-sufficiency. He who has never seen his own face may easily believe in its superlative beauty, if he be aided therein by flatterers. So a man who knows not his own heart may readily form a high opinion of his own excellence, and find confidence in his own wisdom a plant of rapid growth. This is one of the worst enemies of faith. He who can for all time rely upon himself has no patience with talk about faith in God; he relegates that lowly stuff to underlings; he is of courtlier mould. His self-restraint is perfect, his judgment is infallible, his appreciation of the morally beautiful is fully developed; he is a self-made man, and is both his own Providence and Rewarder.

"*Tut—the man is a fool!*" Quick and sensible minds speaks thus impatiently; and the cooler observations of the charitable are sorrowfully driven to confirm their verdict. We, with whom the reader now communes, are not such grand self-governing infallibles. We fear that our appetites and passions may betray us, that our reason may misguide us, that our prejudices may impede us, that our surroundings may stumble us; and, therefore, most deliberately would we look to the Strong for strength, and cast our folly upon the wisdom of the Eternal. Of course we shall not expect imitators among the vainglorious, the frivolus, and the fancifully perfect.

THE SNEER.

Sneers are poor, paltry things; they are not born in good men's bosoms, and most wise men despise them when levelled at themselves. They break no bones, and men of backbone smile at them. Yet with the weaker sort they are terrible weapons of war, and the dread of them has made more cowards than the roar of cannon.

> "I had as lief not be, as live to be
> In awe of such a thing as I, myself."

SEEING FOR ONE'S SELF.

We are not exacting when we demand than each candid man should read the Bible for himself. In testing a book,

which professes to be the revelation of God's mind, we shall act unworthily if we trust to others, be they who they may. Second-hand information lacks assurance and vividness; a personal investigation is far more satisfactory and beneficial. The highly superior person, who dismisses the whole matter with a final verdict, which closes the argument before it is opened, is probably not so cultured a being as he affects to be. At any rate, he lacks the judicial mind so helpful in the pursuit of truth. Doth our wisdom decide a matter before it heareth it?

Nature demands attention, hard and persevering, from those who would be true scientists; the Word of GOD certainly deserves as reverent an investigation as His works. Why should not the scriptures be studied thoroughly? Even as mere literature they will well reward the scholar's care. It is the part of a wise man calmly and earnestly to search those famous writings which are prized by so many master-minds. The voice which cried to Augustine, "*Tolle: lege,*" was no sound of folly. To take up and read a great and good book cannot be to our detriment.

SOMEWHAT MORE THAN READING ACCORDED.

Much of the instruction contained in the material universe can be at once discerned by the eye of the thoughtful observer, but a portion of its secrets no man can thus read; for the discovery of much scientific truth experiment is needed. The chemist, for instance, will acquire little knowledge if he does not engage in tests and analyses. We will not, therefore, in the pursuit of truth, restrict ourselves to mere reading; if the scriptures ask for experiment or experience, we shall be prepared to perform or to undergo the required processes, if at all reasonable.

EFFECTS OF THE BOOK.

The effect which it has produced upon the nations who have yielded it even a partial obedience is very remarkable; they are now far in advance of those who give it a secondary place, and they are out of sight before those who are unac-

quainted with it. The result which follows its introduction in our own day, to the most savage races, is beyond all question exceedingly beneficial. Nobody can doubt that the South Sea Islands have been lifted out of the worst savagery by the teaching of this volume. We have not yet heard of any other book producing such effects, and thus the volume is pressed upon our attention by the undeniable results of its influence, both in former ages and in our own times. It is very easy to discover persons whose entire character has been changed by reading this Book; easier still to find individuals who assert that it is their comfort under all circumstances, their guide out of all difficulties, and the priceless food of their spirits.

Many other books have been warmly praised by their readers; but we have never yet met with any other volume which has commanded such frequent enthusiasm and such devoted affection as the Bible: neither have we heard of one which answers so many and such divers purposes in connection with the lives of men.

FULNESS OF THE BOOK.

One of the marvels of the Bible is its singular fulness. It is not a book of gold-leaf beaten thin, as most books are as to thought; but its sentences are nuggets of unalloyed truth. The book of God is clearly the god of books, for it is infinite. Well said a German author, "In this little book is contained all the wisdom of the world."

"We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from the quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read."

Two *literati* held a brief discussion as to which of all books they would prefer in prison if they were shut up to the choice of one, and could not obtain another for twelve months. The first made a sensible selection when he pro-

posed to take Shakespeare as his companion; for that great author's works are brimming with fresh thoughts and masterly expression; but we think the second man gave an unanswerable reason for preferring the Bible. "Why," said his friend, "you do not believe in it!" "No," said he, "but whether I believe in it or not, *it is no end of a book.*"

We thank him for that word; it is, indeed, "no end of a book." Its range of subjects is boundless, and its variety of treatment is indescribable. Its depth of thought and height of expression are immeasurable. It is altogether inexhaustible. It is a million-times magnified Bodleian of teaching, and its *Bibline* or book essence is of the most concentrated kind. The Scripture has incidentally suggested masses of human literature, and it is the actual material of books to an extent that few would credit. It contains vast stores of what we may call *mother-of-thought.*

After having been catechised, criticised, caricatured, and crucified, for all these centuries, it still remains a new book, commencing its circulation rather than ending it. When the world grows older and wiser, and attains to the sixth form of its school, the sacred volume will be its final classic, just as it was its first hand-book when the new-born Hebrew nation began to spell out the rudiments of truth and righteousness.

THE SINLESS ONE.

A clear proof of the Divine Origin of Scripture is afforded by its portrait of the Perfect Man. Jesus is sinless in thought, and word, and deed; His enemies are unable to find a fault in Him either of excess or defect. Nowhere else in the world have we such another portrait of man; it would be superfluous to say that nowhere have we such another man. Jesus is unique; He is original, with peculiarities all His own, but without any divergence from the straight line of rectitude. He is not a recluse, whose character would have few relationships, and therefore few tests, but one living in the fierce light of a King among men, coming into relation with the world in a thousand ways; a great ethical Teacher, inculcating a system far surpassing any other, and embody-

ing it in His own life; above all, crowning the edifice of a perfect life with the surrender of Himself to death for His enemies. Whence came this portrait, if the man never existed? No painter goes beyond his own ideal; no imperfect mind could have invented the perfect mind of Christ. The record is divine.

SCIENCE AND THE BOOK AT ONE.

Between the revelation of God in His Word and that in His Works, there can be no actual discrepancy. The one may go farther than the other, but the revelation must be harmonious. Between *the interpretation* of the Works and *the interpretation* of the Word, there may be very great differences. It must be frankly admitted that the men of the Book have sometimes missed its meaning; we have never held the doctrine of the infallibility of scripturists. Nay, more: it is certain that, in their desire to defend their Bible, devout persons have been unwise enough to twist its words, or at least to set them in an unnatural light, in order to make the Book agree with the teachings of scientific men. Herein has lain their weakness. If they had always labored to understand what God said in His Book, and had steadfastly adhered to its meaning, whatever might be advanced by the scientific, they would have been wise; and as professed science advanced towards real science, the fact that the old Book is right would have become more and more apparent.

SCIENTIFIC STATEMENTS NOT INFALLIBLE.

Those who have addicted themselves to the study of nature and have despised the Word, certainly cannot claim such immunity from mistake as to demand a revision of Scripture interpretation every time they enthrone a new hypothesis. The history of philosophy, from the beginning until now, reads very like a Comedy of Errors. Each generation of learned men has been eminently successful in refuting all its predecessors, and there is every probability that much of what is now indorsed as orthodox scientific doctrine will be entirely upset in a few year's time. When we remember that

one coterie of *savans* has proved to a demonstration that there is no such thing as mind, and that another has been equally successful in proving that there is no such thing as as matter, we are led to ask the question: "When doctors differ, who is to decide?"

LITTLE SETTLED IN SCIENCE.

There are many voices in the world, some powerful, and others weak; but there is not yet a *concensus* of thoughtful observers sufficiently strong to demonstrate any one system of science to be absolutely true. The inductive process of Bacon, no doubt, yields the nearest approach to certainty; but even this cannot raise a deduction beyond question, for no man of science knows all the instances that can be adduced, and his deduction from what he knows may be upset by equally sure inferences from what he does not know. The time over which scientific observations can travel, even if it be extended into ages, is but as a watch in the night compared with the eternity of God; and the range of human observation is but as a drop of the bucket compared with the circle of the heavens; and therefore it may turn out, in a thousand instances, that there are more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of in the most accurate philosophy of scientists. These good people have done their best, from Aristotle downward, but they have hardly accomplished more than to prove us all dunces, and themselves scarcely a fig better than the rest of us.

NO REMARKABLE PRESENT DIFFICULTY.

At the present moment we see no considerable difficulty. Scripture may not square with proposed hypotheses, but it agrees with known facts. Scripture, interpreted in an intelligent manner, displays as clear an agreement with Nature and Providence as Words can show with Works. An article in the *Illustrated London News* may describe in words a scene which, on the opposite page, is depicted by the pencil of an accurate artist; the two forms of instruction may fully coincide, and yet the impression upon the reader who fails

to see the engraving may not be the same as that produced upon an observer who only notices the sketch and neglects the letter-press. The man who cared only for the typography might quarrel with the votary of the wood-block, while the picture observer might equally well retort upon the reader; but if the two could be combined, the intent of the author would more surely be understood. Let him that readeth the Word consider the Work, and let him that observeth Nature attend to Revelation, and growing wisdom shall be the reward of both.

REMOVAL OF THE GREAT OBSTACLE TO FAITH.

Concerning the consciousness of evil in the past of our lives and the tendency to wrong-doing in our nature, the Bible is very clear, and it is most admirably explicit as to God's way of removing this barrier to our future progress. In Holy Scripture we see a most wise and gracious method for the putting away of guilt, without injury to the divine justice. The atonement offered by the Lord Jesus, who is the essence of the revelation of God, is an eminently satisfactory solution of the soul's sternest problem. Our feeling is that God, the universal Ruler, must do right, and must not, even for mercy's sake, relax the rule that evil done must bring evil as its consequence. We would not, when in our best frame of mind, for our own little sake, wish to have this sanitary law abrogated. Sin ought to be punished; let the rule stand, come what may of us. An unrighteous God would be the most terrible of conceivable evils. Sin linked with reward or divorced from ill consequences would be the death of the great principle of righteousness, which is the aspiration of all perfect moral sanity. Scripture proposes no abolition of law or relaxation of penalty, but it reveals the plan of substitution; the offended Judge bears in His own person the consequences of the offence of rebel man; He assumes human nature, that in His own person human sin may be visited with chastisement.

GOD'S METHOD OF MERCY.

Forgiveness of sin through an atonement satisfies a dim but true decision of humanity in favor of justice—a decision which is well-nigh unanimous in all races. Even the unenlightened conscience of the savage heathen will not rest till the sword is bared and a victim has fallen. Man as a rule dares not approach God without a sacrifice. The more enlightened mind is not content without a measure of explanation as to the need and result of sacrifice; such explanation is given in the inspired Scripture, given with great amplitude.

FAITH DELIGHTS IN A PLAIN GOSPEL.

It is a matter of deep gratitude that the Gospel is as plain as a pikestaff. If it had been intended to be a secret remedy for an *elite* few, it might have been recondite and philosophical; but it is meant for the poor, the illiterate, and the undeveloped; and therefore it must needs be what it is—simplicity itself. Thank God, the Gospel does not lend itself to quackery! To hear our fashionable *thinkers* talk, one might suppose the Gospel to be an exclusive and aristocratic system for their excellencies to amuse themselves with, whenever they might condescend to develop it a little further. We are glad to find it in the Scriptures in the form of a plain, common-sense, perfect doctrine, which has saved its millions already, and is saving multitudes at the present moment, and will save its myriads, when all its superfine critics are mouldering in their graves. Sometimes faith has great need of patience, when it is pestered with objections against a system which is everywhere in grand operation, and proving itself by its results. Why do not these objectors raise an outcry against the sun? Why not deny that he gives either light or heat?

FAITH AND THE NATURE OF CHRIST.

No idea of the Lord Jesus Christ approaches to correctness which does not see in His one person the two natures of God and man united. In that person, wherein were

blended, but not confused, the Godhead and the Manhood, a practical faith has its most ample help. Jesus sympathizes with the condition in which the struggler after excellence finds himself, for He also was tempted in all points like as we are; He knows the difficulties which grow out of the infirmities of flesh and blood, for He felt sickness and pain, poverty and hunger, weakness and depression. It is a great gain in a human career, a specially suitable assistance, to have an unlimited power at one's side by sympathizing with our weakness.

Nor is the advantage less in the other direction, for here is a Man, bound to us by relationship and affection the most intense, who is not only tender to the last degree of our suffering nature, but is also as wise as He is brotherly, and as mighty to subdue our faults as He is gentle to bear with our frailties. His Manhood brings Jesus down to us, but united with the divine nature it lifts us up to God. The Lord Jesus thus not only ministers to our comfort, but to our betterment, which is the greater concern of the two.

Could faith believe in a Being more answerable to all our needs, more helpful to our noblest longings? Allied to Jesus, we confidently aspire to such likeness to our Creator as it is possible for a creature to bear.

ENTHUSIASM FOR THE PERSON OF JESUS.

The love of the believer to the Lord Jesus is intensely personal and enthusiastic. It overtops all other affections. His love, His sufferings, His perfections, His glories fill the heart and set it on fire. There is more force in the love of an actual living person than in subscription to any set of doctrines, however important they may be. The courage of a leader has often produced deeds of daring which no philosophy could have demanded

SERMON EXTRACTS.

Providence Like a Wheel.

You know in a wheel there is one portion that never turns round, that stands steadfast, and that is the axle. So, in God's Providence there is an axle which never moves. Christian, here is a sweet thought for thee! Thy state is ever changing; sometimes thou art exalted, and sometimes depressed; yet there is an unmoving point in thy state. What is that axle? What is the pivot upon which all the machinery revolves? It is the axle of God's everlasting love towards his covenant people. The exterior of the wheel is changing, but the centre stands forever fixed. Other things may move, but God's love never moves; it is the axle of the wheel, and this is another reason why Providence should be compared to a wheel.

Babel Building.

But I know you will go away, many of you, and try to build up your own Babel tower, to go to heaven. Some of you will go one way to work, and some another. You will go the ceremony way; you will lay the foundation of the structure with infant baptism, build confirmation on it, and the Lord's Supper. "I shall go to heaven;" you say, "do not I keep Good Friday and Christmas Day? I am a better man than those dissenters. I am a most extraordinary man. Do I not say more prayers than anyone?" You will be a long while going up that treadmill before you get an inch higher. That is not the way to get to the stars. One says, "I will go and study the Bible, and believe right doctrine; and I have no doubt that by believing right doctrine I shall be saved." Indeed, you will not! You can be no more saved by believing right doctrine than you can by doing right actions.

"There," says another, "I like that; I shall go and believe in Christ, and live as I like." Indeed you will not! For if you believe in Christ he will not let you live as your flesh liketh; by His Spirit he will constrain you to mortify its affections and lusts. If he gives you the grace to make you believe, he will give you the grace to live a holy life afterwards. If he gives you faith, he gives you good works afterwards. You cannot believe in Christ unless you renounce every fault, and resolve to serve him with full purpose of heart.

How to Go a Begging.

Sometimes you say, "But I am not fit to go to Christ. "The fittest way to go to Christ is to go just as you are. What is the best livery to wear when you go a begging? I recollect, some time ago, when I lived not far from here, in the extremeness of my greenness, I gave a man who begged at the door a pair of patent leather boots. He put them on, and expressed great gratitude; but I met him afterwards, and I was not at all surprised to find that he had pulled them off. They were not at all the style of things to go about begging in. People would look at him and say: "What! you needing coppers while wearing those handsome boots? Your tale won't do." A beggar succeeds a great deal better barefoot than in fine shoes. Rags are the livery of mendicants. When you go to beg for mercy at the hands of God, do not put on those pretty righteousness of yours, but go with all your sin and misery, and emptiness, and wretchedness, and say: "Lord, here am I. Thou hast said that Christ is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him. I am a soul that wants saving to the uttermost, and here I am, I have come, Lord, save me."

The Accuser of the Brethren.

I now turn to another individual, a very common personage, *the accuser* of the brethren, I fear I have not a few here of that sort. I know I have some, but I fear there may be more than I think. Do you not know the man, who, when-

ever he can say a vile thing of a Christian will do it; who, whatever a Christian man may do will make mischief of it, who is inclined at all times to be turning that which is good into evil; a man described by Spenser in his picture of envy in the "Faerie Queen." Envy, who always did chaw between his dripping lips a toad, but "inwardly he chawed his own man," eating his own heart, spitting on every one's good thing, imagining that every creature was as foul and as loathsome as himself. I have seen the dirty mangy wretch, himself abominable as sin, daring to insinuate that all others were as deceitful, vile and filthy as himself. This is when the evil has come to its full grown state. Such persons then become the most loathsome creatures in all society, and the most despicable. Who is there that respects the wretch who has no respect for others? whose only life is to pull other men's characters to pieces, and whose death would be sure to follow the universal reign of truth and goodness. I have seen, however, this disease before it has broken out and assumed its basest shape. I have seen men, and women too—let me lay a stress on that second word, for there is a stress sometimes needed there, though I would not be too severe—men *and women* who seem to have a propensity rather to observe that which is evil in another than that which is good. Now, I will put this home question. My friend, it is all very well for you to have those eyes so sharp, and to wear those magnifying glasses for other people, but "are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?" What about your own life? I will tell you something about it. Whatever you think of other people is true of yourself; that is an invariable rule. We always measure other people's corn with our own bushel, and if you think you find other people's corn gritty, the dirt was originally in your own. Depend upon it, that your judgment of others will be God's judgment of you, for with what measure ye mete the same shall be measured to you again.

Butcher.

Then see the *butcher*. How doth the beast speak to him? He sees the lamb almost lick his knife, and the bullock goes

unconsciously to the slaughter. How might he think every time that he smites the unconscious animal, (who knows nothing of death,) of his own doom? Are we not, all of us who are without Christ, fattening for the slaughter? Are we not more foolish than the bullock, for doth not wicked man follow his executioner, and walk after his own destroyer unto the very chambers of hell? When we see a drunkard pursuing his drunkenness, or an unchaste man running in the way of licentiousness, is he not as an ox going to the slaughter, until a dart smite him through the liver? Hath not God sharpened his knife and made ready his ax, that the fatling of this earth may be killed, when He shall say to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field: "Behold, I have made a feast of vengeance for you, and ye shall feast upon the blood of the slain, and make yourselves drunken with the streams thereof!" Ay, butcher, there is a lecture for you in your trade, and your business may reproach you.

Builder.

Are you busy in *building* all day long, laying the stone upon its fellow and the mortar in its crevice? Then remember thou art building for eternity, too. Oh, that thou mayest thyself be built upon a good foundation! Oh, that thou mayest build thereon, not wood, hay or stubble, but gold, and silver, and precious stones, and things that will abide the fire! Take care, man, lest thou shouldest be God's scaffold, lest thou shouldest be used on earth to be a scaffolding for building His church, and when His church is built, thou shouldest be cast down and burned up with fire unquenchable. Take heed that thou art built upon the rock, and not upon the sand, and that the vermillion cement of the Savior's precious blood unites thee to the foundation of the building, and to every stone thereof.

The Excuses of Sinners.

But one cries: "I shall not plead guilty, for though I am well aware that I have not continued 'in all things which are

written in the book of the law,' yet I have done the best I could." That is a lie—before God a falsehood. You have not! You have not done the best you could. There have been many occasions upon which you might have done better. Will that young man dare to tell me that he is doing the best he can now? That he cannot refrain from laughing in the house of God? It may be possible that it is hard for him to do so, but it is just possible he could, if he pleased, refrain from insulting his Maker to His face. Surely we have none of us done the best we could. At every period, at every time, there have been opportunities of escape from temptation. If we had had no freedom to escape from sin, there might have been some excuse for it; but there have been turning points in our history when we might have decided for right or for wrong, but when we have chosen the evil and have eschewed the good, and have turned into that path which leadeth unto hell.

Personal Experience.

First, then, HERE IS WHAT THEY ARE TO TELL. It is to be a story of *personal experience.* "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord has done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." You are not to repair to your houses and forthwith begin to preach. That you are not commanded to do. You are not to begin to take up doctrinal subjects, and expatiate on them, and endeavor to bring persons to your peculiar views and sentiments. You are not to go home with sundry doctrines you have lately learned and try to teach these. At least, you are not commanded so to do. You may, if you please, and none shall hinder you; but you are to go home and tell not what you have believed, but what you have *felt;* what you really know to be your own; not what great things you have read, but what great things the Lord hath *done for you;* not alone what you have seen done in the great congregation, and how great sinners have turned to God, but what the Lord has done for *you.* And mark this: There is never a more interesting story than that which a man tells about himself.

Those who Do Not Profess to be Godly.

It is now time for me to tell the openly ungodly what is his real state. You have been more than a little proud of your honesty, and looking down upon certain professors of religion, you have said, "Ah! I make no such pretenses as they do; I am honest, I am." Friend, you cannot have a greater abhorrence of hypocrites than I have; if you can find a fair chance of laughing at them, pray do so. If by any means you can stick pins into their windbags, and let the gas of their profession out, pray do so. I try to do a little of it in my way; do you do the same? You and I are agreed in this, I hope, in heartily hating anything like sham and falsehood; but if you begin to hold your head up, and think yourself so very superior because you make no profession, I must take you down a little by reminding you that it is no credit to a thief that he makes no profession of being honest, and it is not thought to be exceedingly honorable to a man that makes no profession of speaking the truth. For the fact is, that a man who does not profess to be honest is a professional thief; and he who does not claim to speak the truth is an acknowledged liar. Thus, in escaping one horn you are thrown upon another; you miss the rock, but run upon the quicksand. You are a confessed and avowed neglecter of God, a professed despiser of the great salvation, an acknowledged disbeliever in the Christ of God. When our Government at any time arrests persons suspected of Fenianism, they have no difficulty about those gentlemen who glory in wearing the green uniform and flaunting the big feather. "Come along," says the constable, "you are the man, for you wear the regimentals of a rebel." Even so when the angel of Justice arrests the enemies of the Lord, he will have no difficulty in accusing and arresting you, for laying his hand upon your shoulder, he will say: "You wear the regimentals of an enemy of God; you plainly and unblushingly acknowledge that you do not fear God, nor trust in His salvation."

A Faithful Friend.

Faithfulness to us in our faults is a certain sign of fidelity in a friend. You may depend upon that man who will tell you of your faults in a kind and considerate manner. Fawning hypocrites, insiduous flatterers, are the sweepings and offal of friendship. They are but the parasites upon that noble tree. But true friends put enough trust in you to tell you openly of you faults. Give me for a friend a man who will speak honestly of me before my face; who will not tell first one neighbor, and then another, but who will come straight to my house and say: "Sir, I feel there is such and such a thing in you, which, as my brother, I must tell you of." That man is a true friend; he has proved himself to be so; for we never get any praise for telling people of their faults; we rather hazard their dislike; a man will sometimes thank you for it, but he does not often like you any the better.

Grit.

It is said by an old writer, that in the olden times men used to take care of their houses, but now the houses take care of the men; that they used to eat off oaken porringers, and then they were oaken men; but now they are willow-men, can bend any how; they are earthenware men, which can be dashed to pieces. Scarcely in business, in politics, or in religion, have you got a man. You see a lot of things, which are called men, who turn the way the wind blows. I pray God to send a few men with what the Americans call "grit" in them; men, who when they know a thing to be right, will not turn away, or turn aside, or stop; men who will persevere all the more because there are difficulties to meet or foes to encounter; who stand all the more true to their Master because they are opposed; who, the more they are thrust into the fire, the hotter they become; who, just like the bow, the further the string is drawn the more powerfully it sends forth its arrows, and so the more they are trodden upon, the more mighty will they become in the cause of truth against error.

The Human Heart.

If, then, the all-seeing eye of God takes in at one glance the wide regions of death, and wide they are, wide enough to startle any man who shall seek to range them through—if I say, with one glance God seeth death and seeth hell through, with all its bottomless depths, with all its boundlessness of misery, surely, then, he is quite able to behold all the actions of the little thing called man's heart. Suppose a man so wise as to be able to know the wants of a nation and to remember the feelings of myriads of men, you cannot suppose it difficult for him to know the actions of his own family and to understand the emotions of his own household. If the man is able to stretch his arm over a great sphere, and to say: "I am monarch of all this," surely he shall be able to control the less. He who in his wisdom can walk through centuries, shall not say that he is ignorant of the history of a year; he who can dive into the depths of science, and understand the history of the whole world from its creation, is not to be alarmed by some small riddle that happens at his own door. No, the God who seeth death and hell seeth our hearts, for they are far less extensive.

Hypocrisy.

This age is full of shams. Pretence never stood in so eminent a position as it does at the present hour. There be few, I fear, who love the naked truth; we can scarce endure it in our houses; you would scarcely trade with a man who absolutely stated it. If you walked through the streets of London, you might imagine that all the shops were built of marble, and that all the doors were made of mahogany and woods of the rarest kinds; and yet you soon discover that there is scarce a piece of any of these precious fabrics to be found anywhere, but that everything is grained, and painted, and varnished. I find no fault with this, except that it is an outward type of an inward evil that exists. As it is in our streets, so it is everywhere; graining, painting and gilding are at an enormous premium. Counterfeit has at length

attained to such an eminence that it is with the utmost difficulty that you can detect it. The counterfeit so near approacheth to the genuine, that the eye of wisdom itself needs to be enlightened before she can discern the difference. Specially is this the case in religious matters. There was once an age of intolerant bigotry, when every man was weighed in the balance, and if he was not precisely up to the orthodox standard of the day, the fire devoured him; but in this age of charity, and of most proper charity, we are very apt to allow the counterfeit to pass current, and to imagine that outward show is really as beneficial as inward reality. If ever there was a time when it was needful to say, "Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy," it is now. The minister may cease to preach this doctrine in the days of persecution; when the faggots are blazing, and when the rack is in full operation, few men will be hypocrites. These are the keen detectors of impostors; suffering, and pain, and death, for Christ's sake, are not to be endured by mere pretenders. But in this silken age, when to be religious is to be respectable, when to follow Christ is to be honored, and when godliness itself has become gain, it is doubly necessary that the minister should cry aloud, and lift up his voice like a trumpet against this prevailing sin, "The leaven of the Pharisees, which is sin."

Absurdity of Indecision.

And is it not true, that a man who is neither one thing or another is in a most absurd position? Let him go among the worldlings; they laugh under their sleeve, and say, "This is one of the Exeter Hall saints," or, "This is one of the elect" Let him go among Christian people, those that are saints, and they say, "How a man can be so inconsistent, how he can come into our midst one day, and the next be found in such and such society, we cannot tell." Methinks even the devil himself must laugh at such a man in scorn. "There," says he, "I am every thing that is bad; I do sometimes pretend to be an angel of light, and put on that garb; but you do really excel me in every respect, for I do it to get

something by it, but you do not get anything by it. You do not have the pleasure of this world, and you do not have the pleasures of religion either; you have the fears of religion without its hopes; you are afraid to do wrong, and yet you have no hope of heaven; you have the duties of religion without the joys; you have to do just as religious people do, and yet there is no heart in the matter; you have to sit down and see the table all spread before you, and then you have not power to eat a single morsel of the precious dainties of the gospel."

The Insincere Man.

Sometimes Saul was among prophets, easily turned into a prophet, and then afterwards among the witches; sometimes in one place and then another, and insincere in everything. How many such we have in every Christian assembly; men who are very easily molded. Say what you please to them, they always agree with you. They have affectionate dispositions, very likely a tender conscience; but then the conscience is so remarkably tender, that when touched it seems to give, and you are afraid to probe deeper; it heals as soon as it is wounded. I think I used the very singular comparison once before, which I must use again; there are some men who seem to have India-rubber hearts. If you do but touch them, there is an impression made at once, but then it is of no use, it soon restores itself to its original character. You may press them whichever way you wish, they are so elastic you can always effect your purpose, but then they are not fixed in character and soon return to be what they were before.

Friendship.

Cicero has well said, 'Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed." Friendship seems as necessary an element of a comfortable existence in this world as fire and water, or even air itself. A man may drag along a miserable existence in proud solitary dignity, but his life is scarce life; it is nothing but an existence, the tree of life being stripped of

the leaves of hope and the fruits of joy. He who would be happy here must have friends; and he who would be happy hereafter, must, above all things, find a friend in the world to come, in the person of God, the father of His people.

Friendship, however, though very pleasing and exceedingly blessed, has been the cause of the greatest misery to men when it has been unworthy and unfaithful; for just in proportion as a good friend is sweet, a false friend is full of bitterness. "A faithless friend is sharper than an adder's tooth." It is sweet to repose in some one; but O! how bitter to have that support snapped, and to receive a grievous fall as the effect of your confidence. Fidelity is an absolute necessary in a true friend. We cannot rejoice in men unless they will stand faithful to us. Solomon declares that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." That friend, I suppose, he never found in the pomps and vanities of the world. He had tried them all, but he found them empty; he passed through all their joys, but he found them "vanity of vanities." Poor Savage spoke from sad experience when he said:

> "You'll find the friendship of the world a show!
> Mere outward show! 'Tis like the harlot's tears,
> The statesman promise, a false patriot's zeal,
> Full of fair seeming, but delusion all."

And so for the most part they are. The world's friendship is ever brittle trust to it, and you have trusted a robber, rely upon it, and you have leaned upon a sham; aye, worse than that, upon a spear, which shall pierce you to the soul with agony!

Living for Self.

There is a minister; when he first began his ministry he would say, "God is my witness; I have but one object; that I may free my skirts from the blood of every one of my hearers, that I may preach the gospel faithfully and honor my Master." In a little time, tempted by Satan, he changed his tone and talks like this: "I must keep my congregation up. If I preach such hard doctrine they won't come. Did not one of the newspapers criticise me, and did not some of

my people go away from me because of it? I must mind what I am at. I must keep this thing going. I must look out a little sharper and prune my speech down. I must adopt a little gentler style, or preach a new-fashioned doctrine; for I must keep my popularity up. What is to become of me if I go down? People will say, 'Up like a rocket, down like the stick;' and then shall all my enemies laugh." Ah, when once a man begins to care so much as a snap of the finger about the world, it is all over with him. If he can go to his pulpit and say: "I have got a message to deliver; and whether they will hear or whether they will not hear, I will deliver it as God puts it into my mouth; I will not change the dot of an *i*, or the cross of a *t*, for the biggest man that lives, or to bring in the mightiest congregation that ever sat at a minister's feet"—that man is mighty. He does not let human judgments move him, and he will move the world.

Losses.

Losses, too, are frequently the means God uses to fetch home his wandering sheep; like fierce dogs, they worry the wanderers back to the shepherd. There is no making lions tame if they are too well fed; they must be brought down from their great strength, and their stomachs must be lowered a bit, and then they will submit to the tamer's hand; and often have we seen the Christian rendered obedient to his Lord's will by straightness of bread and hard labor. When rich and increased in goods, many professors carry their heads much too loftily, and speak much too boastfully. Like David, they boast: "My mountain standeth fast; it shall never be moved." When the Christian groweth wealthy, is in good repute, hath good health, and a happy family, he too often admits Mr. Carnal Security to feast at his table. If he be a true child of God, there is a rod preparing for him.

True Parentage of Love.

But how is this to be? How is the world to be brought back? How is it to be restored? We answer, the reason

why there was this orignal harmony between earth and heaven was because there was love between them twain, and our great reason for hoping that there shall be at last re-established an undiscordant harmony between heaven and earth is simply this, that God hath already manifested His love towards us, and that in return, hearts touched by His grace do even now love Him; and when they shall be multiplied, and love re-established, then shall harmony be complete.

Want of Observation.

But we do not observe God's hand as much as we should. Our good puritanic forefathers, when it rained, used to say, that God had unstopped the bottles of heaven. When it rains nowadays, we think the clouds have become condensed. If they had a field of hay cut, they used to plead of the Lord that he would bid the sun shine. We, perhaps, are wiser, as we think; and we consider it hardly worth while to pray about such things, thinking they will come in the course of nature. They believed that God was in every storm; nay, in every cloud of dust. They used to speak of a present God in every thing; but we speak of such things as laws of nature, as if laws were ever anything, except there was some one to carry them out, and some secret power to set the whole machinery in motion. We do not get our assurance, because we do not observe enough.

Men at All Times Alike.

The passage tells us nothing about the statue of men's bodies, but as far as they are spiritually concerned the photograph which Elihu took is the portrait of many of those who are brought to Jesus now. Reading the passage over, we find that men in those times needed converting; for they were deaf to God's voice; they were obstinate in evil purposes, and puffed up with pride. They needed chastening to arouse them to thought, and required sore distress to make them cry out for mercy. They were loth to say, "I

have sinned," and were not at all inclined to prayer. Nothing but sharp discipline could bring them to their senses, and even then they needed to be born again. Men in those days were sinful, and yet proud; sinful self and righteous self were both in power; it was one part of conversion to withdraw them from their purposes of sin, and another part of their conversion to "hide pride" from them. Though they were sinful, they thought that they were righteous, and though they were condemned by the law of God they still entertained the fond hope that they should by their own merits obtain the favor of the Most High. They were then, as they are now, poor as poverty, and yet proud of their wealth, Publicans in sin, and yet Pharisees in boasting.

Henry of Navarre.

Notice the blessing: "*And they shall be to me a people.*" All flesh belongs to God in a certain sense. All men are His by right of creation, and He hath an infinite sovereignty over them. But He looks down upon the sons of men, and He selects some, and He says: "These shall be my peculiar people." When the King of Navarre was fighting for his throne, the writer, who hymns the battle, says:

> "He looked upon the foemen, and his glance was stern and high;
> He looked upon his people, and the tear was in his eye."

And when he saw some of the French in arms against him—

> "Then out spoke gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe;
> Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'"

The king had an eye to his people even when they were in rebellion against him, and he had a different thought towards them from what he had towards others. "Let them go," he seemed to say, "they are my people." So, mark you, in the great battles of strifes of this world, when God lets loose the dread artillery of heaven, His glance is stern upon His enemies, but the tear is in His eye towards His people. He is always tender towards them. "Spare my people," saith He, and the angels interpose lest those chosen ones should dash their feet against a stone.

CHEQUE BOOK.

"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—Gen. iii: 15.

This is the first promise to fallen man. It contains the whole gospel, and the essence of the covenant of grace. It has been in great measure fulfilled. The seed of the woman, even our Lord Jesus, was bruised in his heel, and a terrible bruising it was. How terrible will be the final bruising of the serpent's head! This was virtually done when Jesus took away sin, vanquished death, and broke the power of Satan; but it awaits a still fuller accomplishment at our Lord's second advent and in the day of judgment. To us the promise stands as prophecy that we shall be afflicted by the powers of evil in our lower nature, and thus bruised in our heel; but we shall triumph in Christ who sets his foot on the old serpent's head. Throughout this year we may have to learn the first part of this promise by experience, through the temptations of the devil, and the unkindness

of the ungodly, who are his seed. They may so bruise us that we may limp with our sore heel; but let us grasp the second part of the text, and we shall not be dismayed. By faith let us rejoice that we shall still reign in Christ Jesus, the woman's seed.

"When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed."—Isa. liii: 10

Our Lord Jesus has not died in vain. His death was sacrificial; he died as our substitute, because death was the penalty of our sins, and because his substitution was accepted of God. He has saved those from whom he made his soul a sacrifice. By death he became like the corn of wheat, which bringeth forth much fruit. There must be a succession of children to Jesus; he is "the Father of the everlasting age." He shall say, "Behold, I and the children whom thou hast given me."

A man is honored in his sons, and Jesus hath his quiver full of these arrows of the mighty. A man is represented in his children, and so is the Christ in Christians. In his seed a man's life seems to be prolonged and extended; and so is the life of Jesus continued in believers.

Jesus lives, for he sees his seed. He fixes his

eye on us, he delights in us, he recognizes us in the fruit of his soul travail. Let us be glad that our Lord does not fail to enjoy the result of his dread sacrifice, and that he will never cease to feast his eyes upon the harvest of his death. Those eyes which once wept for us, are now viewing us with pleasure. Yes, he looks upon those who are looking unto him. Our eyes meet! What a joy is this!

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. xii: 13.

My own sight of the precious blood is for my comfort; but it is the Lord's sight of it which secures my safety. Even when I am unable to behold it, the Lord looks at it, and passes over me because of it. If I am not so much at ease as I ought to be, because my faith is dim, yet I am equally safe, because the Lord's eye is not dim, and He sees the blood of the great sacrifice with steady gaze. What joy is this!

The Lord sees the deep inner meaning, the infinite fulness of all that is meant by the death of His dear Son. He sees it with restful memory of justice satisfied, and all His matchless attributes glorified. He beheld creation in its progress, and said: "It is very good;" but what does He say of

redemption in its completeness? What does He say of the obedience even unto death of His well-beloved Son? None can tell His delight in Jesus, His rest in the sweet Savior which Jesus presented when He offered Himself without spot unto God. Now rest we in calm security. We have God's sacrifice and God's word to create in us a sense of perfect security. He will, He must, pass over us, because He spared not our glorious substitute. Justice joins hands with love to provide everlasting salvation for all the blood-besprinkled ones.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."–John xv: 7.

Of necessity we must be in Christ to live unto him, and we must abide in him to be able to claim the *largesse* of this promise from him. To abide in Jesus is never to quit him for another love, or another object; but to remain in living, loving, conscious, willing union with him. The branch is not only ever near the stem, but ever receiving life and fruitfulness from it. All true believers abide in Christ in a sense; but there is a higher meaning and this we must know before we gain unlimited power at the throne. "Ask what ye will" is for Enochs who walk with God, for Johns who lie in the Lord's bosom, for those whose union with Christ leads to constant communion.

The heart must remain in love; the mind must be rooted in faith; the hope must be cemented to the Word; the whole man must be joined unto the Lord, or else it would be dangerous to trust us with power in prayer. The *carte blanche* can only be given to one whose very life is "Not I, but Christ liveth in me." O you who break your fellowship, what power you lose! If you would be mighty in your pleadings, the Lord himself must abide in you, and you in him.

"And of Zebulun he said, Rejoice, Zebulun, in thy going out."—Deut. xxxiii: 18.

The blessings of the tribes are ours; for we are the true Israel who worship God in the spirit, and have no confidence in the flesh. Zebulun is to rejoice because Jehovah will bless his "going out;" we also see a promise for ourselves lying latent in this benediction. When we go out we will look out for occasions of joy.

We go out to travel, and the providence of God is our convoy. We go out to emigrate, and the Lord is with us both on land and sea. We go out as missionaries, and Jesus saith, "Lo, I am with you unto the end of the world." We go out day by day to our labor, and we may do so with pleasure, for God will be with us from morn till eve.

A fear sometimes creeps over us when starting, for we know not what we may meet with; but this blessing may serve us right well as a word of good cheer. As we pack up for moving, let us put this verse into our traveling trunk; let us drop it into our hearts, and keep it there; yea, let us lay it on our tongue to make us sing. Let us weigh anchor with a song, or jump into the carriage with a psalm. Let us belong to the rejoicing tribe, and in our every movement praise the Lord with joyful hearts.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Phil. iv: 6, 7.

No care, but all prayer. No anxiety, but much joyful communion with God. Carry your desires to the Lord of your life, the guardian of your soul. Go to him with two portions of prayer, and one of fragrant praise. Do not pray doubtfully, but thankfully. Consider that you have your petitions, and, therefore, thank God for his Grace. He is giving you grace, give him thanks. Hide nothing. Allow no want to be rankling in your bosom; "make known your requests." Run not to man. Go only to your God, the Father of Jesus, who loves you in him.

This shall bring you God's own peace. You shall not be able to understand the peace which you shall enjoy. It will enfold you in its infinite embrace. Heart and mind, through Christ Jesus, shall be steeped in a sea of rest. Come life or death, poverty, pain, slander, you shall dwell in Jesus above every ruffling wind or darkening cloud. Will you not obey this dear command?

Yes, Lord, I do believe thee; but I beseech thee help mine unbelief.

"When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."—Prov. xvi: 7.

I must see that my ways please the Lord. Even then I shall have enemies; and, perhaps, all the more certainly because I endeavored to do that which is right. But what a promise this is! The Lord will make the wrath of men to praise Him, and abate it so that it shall not distress me. He can constrain an enemy to desist from harming me, even though he has a mind to do so. This He did with Laban, who pursued Jacob, but did not dare touch him; or he can subdue the wrath of the enemy, and make him friendly, as He did with Esau, who met Jacob in a brotherly manner, though Jacob had dreaded that he would smite him and his family with the sword. The Lord

can also convert a furious adversary into a brother in Christ, and a fellow-worker, as he did Saul of Tarsus. Oh, that he would do this in every case where a persecuting spirit appears!

Happy is the man whose enemies are made to be to him what the lions were to Daniel in the den, quiet and companionable! When I meet death, who is called the last enemy, I pray that I may be at peace. Only let my great care be to please the Lord in all things. Oh, for faith and holiness; for these are a pleasure unto the Most High!

"The Lord thy God will turn thy captivity."—Deut. xxx: 3.

God's own people may sell themselves into captivity by sin. A very bitter fruit is this, of an exceeding bitter root. What a bondage it is when the Child of God is sold under sin, held in chains by Satan, deprived of his liberty, robbed of his power in prayer and his delight in the Lord! Let us watch that we come not into such bondage; but if this has already happened to us, let us by no means despair.

But we cannot be held in slavery forever. The Lord Jesus has paid too high a price for our redemption to leave us in the enemy's hand. The

way to freedom is "Return unto the Lord thy God." Where we first found salvation we shall find it again. At the foot of Christ's cross, confessing sin, we shall find pardon and deliverance. Moreover, the Lord will have us obey his voice according to all that he has commanded us, and we must do this with all our heart, and all our soul and then our captivity shall end.

Often depression of spirit and great misery of soul are removed as soon as we quit our idols and bow ourselves to obedience before the living God. We need not be captives. We may return to Zion's citizenship, and that speedily. Lord, turn our captivity!

"For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper."—Ps. lxxii: 12.

The needy cries; what else can he do? His cry is heard of God; what else need he do? Let the needy reader take to crying at once, for this will be his wisdom. Do not cry in the ears of friends, for even if they can help you, it is only because the Lord enables them. The nearest way is to go straight to God, and let your cry come up before him. Straight-forward makes the best runner; run to the Lord, and not to secondary causes.

"Alas!" you cry, "I have no friend or helper."

So much the better; you can rely upon God in both capacities—as without supplies and without helpers. Make your double need your double plea. Even for temporal mercies you may wait upon God, for he careth for his children in these temporary concerns. As for spiritual necessities, which are the heaviest of all, the Lord will hear your cry, and will deliver you and supply you.

O, poor friend, try your rich God. O, helpless one, lean on his help. He has never failed *me*, and I am sure he will never fail *you*. Come as a beggar, and God will not refuse your help. Come with no plea but his grace. Jesus is King, will he let you perish of want? What! Did you forget this?

"They shall feed and lie down, and none shall make them afraid."—Zeph. iii: 13.

Yesterday we thought of the afflicted and poor people whom the Lord left to be a living seed in a dead world. The prophet says of such that they shall not work inquity nor speak lies. So that while they have neither rank nor riches to guard them, they were also quite unable to use those weapons in which the wicked place so much reliance; they could neither defend themselves by sin nor by subtlety.

What then? Would they be destroyed? By no means. They would both feed and rest, and be not merely free from danger, but even quite from fear and evil. Sheep are very feeble creatures, and wolves are terrible enemies; yet, at this hour, sheep are more numerous than wolves, and the cause of the sheep are always winning, while the cause of the wolves is always declining. One day flocks of sheep will cover the plains, and not a wolf will be left. The fact is that sheep have a shepherd, and this gives them provender, protectection and peace. "*None*"—which means not one, whether in human or diabolical form—"shall make them afraid." Who shall terrify the Lord's flock when he is near? We lie down in green pastures, for Jesus himself is food and rest to our souls.

"And the Lord looked upon him and said, Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites; have not I sent thee?"—Judges vi: 14.

What a look was that which the Lord gave to Gideon? He looked him out of his discouragements into holy bravery. If our look to the Lord saves us, what will not his look at us do? Lord, look on me this day, and nerve me for its duties and conflicts.

What a word was this which Jehovah spake to Gideon! "Go." He must not hesitate. He might have answered, "What, go in all this weakness?" But the Lord put that word out of court by saying, "Go in this thy might." The Lord had looked might into him, and he had now nothing to do but to use it, and save Israel by smiting the Midianites. It may be that the Lord has more to do by me than I ever dreamed of. If he has looked upon me he has made me strong. Let me by faith exercise the power with which he has entrusted me. He never bids me "idle away my time in this my might." Far from it. I must "go," because he strengthens me.

What a question is that which the Lord puts to me even as he put it to Gideon! "Have not I sent thee?" Yes, Lord, thou has sent me, and I will go in thy strength. At thy command I go, and going, I am assured that thou wilt conquer by me.

"I will save her that halteth."—Zeph. iii : 19.

There are plenty of these lame ones, both male and female. You may meet "her that halteth" twenty times in an hour. They are in the right road, and exceedingly anxious to run in it with diligence, but they are lame, and make a sorry

walk of it. On the heavenly road there are so many cripples. It may be that they say in their hearts: "What will become of us? Sin will overtake us. Satan will throw us down. Ready to halt is our name and our nature; the Lord can never make good soldiers of us, nor even nimble messengers to go on His errands. Well, well, He will save us, and that is no small thing. He says: 'I will save her that halteth.' In saving us He will greatly glorify Himself. Everybody will ask: 'How came this lame woman to run the race and win the crown?' And then the praise will all be given to almighty grace."

Lord, though I halt in faith, in prayer, in praise, in service, and in patience, save me, I beseech thee. Only Thou canst save such a cripple as I am. Lord, let me not perish because I am among the hindmost, but gather up by Thy grace the slowest of Thy pilgrims—even me. Behold he hath said it shall be so; and therefore, like Jacob, prevailing in prayer, I go forward though my sinew be shrunk.

"But if the priest buy any soul with his money, he shall eat of it, and he that is born in his house: they shall eat of his meat.—Liv. xxii: 11.

Strangers, sojourners, and servants upon hire were not to eat of holy things. It is so in spiritual

matters still. But classes were free at the sacred table, those who were *bought* with the priest's money, and those who were *born* into the priest's house. Bought and born, these were the two indisputable proofs of a right to holy things.

Bought. Our great High Priest has bought with a price all those who put their trust in him. They are his absolute property—altogether the Lord's. Not for what they are in themselves, but for their owner's sake they are admitted unto the same privileges which he himself enjoys, and "they shall eat of his meat." He has meat to eat which worldlings know not of. "Because ye belong to Christ," therefore, shall ye share with your Lord.

Born. This is an equally sure way to privilege; if born in the priest's house we take our place with the rest of the family. Regeneration makes us fellow-heirs, and of the same body; and, therefore, the peace, the joy, the glory, which the Father has given to Christ, Christ has given to us. Redemption and regeneration have given us a double claim to the divine permit of this promise.

"For his anger endureth but a moment; in this favor is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx: 5.

A moment under our Father's anger seems very long, and yet it is but a moment after all. If we

grieve his spirit we cannot look for his smile; but he is a God ready to pardon, and he soon puts aside all remembrance of our faults. When we faint and are ready to die because of his frown, his favor puts new life into us.

This verse has another note of the semi-quaver kind. Our weeping night soon turns into joyous day. Brevity is the mark of mercy in the hour of the chastisement of believers. The Lord loves not to use the rod on his chosen; he gives a blow or two, and all is over; yea, and the life and the joy which follow the anger and the weeping, more than make amends for the salutary sorrow.

Come, my heart, begin thy hallelujahs! Weep not all through the night, but wipe thine eyes in anticipation of the morning. These tears are dews which mean us as much good as the sunbeams of the morrow. Tears clear the eyes for the sight of God in His grace; and make the vision of His favor more precious. A night of sorrow supplies those shades of the picture by which the high lights are brought out with distinctness. All is well.

SALT-CELLARS;

A Collection of Proverbs, Together With Homely Notes Thereon. In two Volumes—A to L and M to Z.

"These three things go to the making of a proverb: shortness, sense and salt."

SALT-CELLARS.

A bad dog sees not the thief.

We have plenty of bad dogs nowadays. Ministers will not see the error which abounds; statesmen wink hard at vice; and religious people sleep while satan plunders the church.

A bad dog may get a good bone.

Often very unworthy men gain fortunes, offices and honors. This world is not *the* place of rewards and punishments, and so it happens that satan's bullocks often feed in the fattest pastures.

A bad motive makes a good action bad.

What appears good enough in itself has often been polluted by the motive. It might be well to kiss the Lord Jesus, but the motive of Judas made a kiss a crime.

A bad padlock invites a picklock.

Carelessness on the part of owners may prove a temptation to servants and others. We should not put theft into their minds by want of proper care.

A bird that cannot be shot may be snared.

Dispositions vary, and satan knows how to fit his temptations to our temperament. He who will not fall into open sin may be seduced into secret unbelief and pride.

A bitten child is afraid of a stuffed dog.

The same as "a burnt child dreads the fire," or "a scalded cat dreads cold water." It were well if more who have suffered from sin would have a solemn fear of it, and henceforth shun it.

A blustering fellow is always a coward.

This observation has come down through long ages of observers. It is a rule to which there are very few exceptions. Mr. Bluster is soon in a fluster.

A braying donkey may spoil a grazing donkey's business.

A noisy person may prevent a neighbor from following his work with success, and may even cause a prejudice against others in the same line who are quiet and unassuming.

A cat must not always keep her back up.

If now and then a man has to assert himself, and be on the warpath, let him come to his usual level as soon as possible.

A cat on hot bricks is all in a hurry.

And so is a person when he is out of his element. Many a man at church, or in court, or at a prayer-meeting, or by a dying bed, is very much in this unhappy condition.

A clever head is all the better for a close mouth.

Then the man will *act* rather than gossip; and he will not disclose his plans before the proper time for carrying them out.

A cloudy morning brings a clear day.

We may begin a work with trouble, and yet the business may bring us great joy as it proceeds.

A cow's tail droops down, but never drops off.

Many institutions look as if they would fall, but they have not done so yet, and they will not do so for many a year.

A cracked bell should not be rung.

It would be well if we could keep foolish people quiet, but who can? If they were not cracked you might quiet them, but they have not wit enough to hold their tongues.

A creaking door hangs long on its hinges.

Persons who are usually ill often live on for many years, while robust persons die suddenly. This may comfort the invalid, and be a warning to the strong.

A donkey may grow, but he will never be an elephant.

It is not in some men, advance as they may, to grow out of their natural folly, and arrive at any measure of sagacity.

A drowning man will catch at razors.

A man who is losing money will gamble, or speculate, or try the most shameful trick to save himself. Thus he hurts himself still more, and makes his ruin and wretchedness sure.

A fair face may be a foul bargain.

Young men should not be carried away with mere beauty, but look to character and disposition. One who marries a woman for her beauty alone is as foolish as the man who ate a bird because it sang so sweetly.

A fog cannot be driven away by a fan.

Trifling acts cannot accomplish great results.

A fool calls others fools.

He ought to be a judge of fools since he is in that line himself. Perhaps he unconsciously hopes that he may turn upon others the contempt which he half suspects is due to himself.

A fool is a man who is wise too late.

This is a sententious and instructive definition. Alas, how many are in that condition on a dying bed!

A fool in his own house will not be wise in mine.

If he does not know his own business he will not be likely to know mine one-half so well. It is idle to seek or accept counsel from one who has already failed in the management of his own concerns.

A fool's gun is soon fired.

He has little to say, but he is in a desperate hurry to say it. In olden times they said "a fool's bolt is soon shot."

A foolish man diligently advertises his own folly.

He will talk, and talk most upon that which he should never mention for his credit's sake.

A good book is the best companion.

It will speak or be quiet, and it neither talks nonsense nor perpetrates folly.

A good cat should have a good rat.

And so she will if she catches it herself. God helps those who help themselves. We will wish well to him who works well. "May the best man win!"

A good head will save the feet.

A sensible person takes a practical view of things, uses a little foresight, and does two or three things at the same time, thus saving future journeys.

A good horse never lacks a saddle.

Somebody or other will employ the man of ability, character, and tact. The man needs his place, but the place also needs the man.

A good layer up should be a good layer out.

Hoarding is a vulgar thing which any fool may accomplish; but it needs a wise man to expend judiciously what has been saved carefully.

A good worker should have good wages.

He deserves them, and it will be to his employer's interest to see that he has them. Never lose a good servant through bad pay.

A grateful man is a rare bird.

Yes, he is almost as rare as a phœnix. How often does charity receive an ungrateful return! But we must not be discouraged, for we are bound to give our alms for Christ's sake, and not to purchase thanks.

A great cage does not make a bird sing.

Large possessions bring great cares, and these too often silence songs of praise.

A great man's blunders are great blunders.

When a whale makes a splash it is a great splash. A man of distinguished capacity and position does everything, right or wrong, upon a large scale.

A hammer of gold will not open the gates of heaven.

Money opens many of the gates of earth, for bribery is rife; but it has no power in the world to come. Money is more eloquent than ten members of Parliament, but it cannot prevail with the great judge.

A handsome woman is soon dressed.

She does not require such careful setting off. She is "most adorned when unadorned the most."

A hasty man is seldom out of trouble.

He is constantly offending some one or other and picking quarrels right and left. He boils over and scalds himself.

A hedge-hog is a poor bed fellow.

And so are bad-tempered people, especially Mrs. Caudle.

A hen with one chick seems mighty busy.

Some persons make as much fuss about little as others do who have ten times their work.

A hundred years hence we shall all be bald.

Our skulls will be bare as the palm of our hand when it has lain a little while in the grave. What's the use of making much of trifles which will soon come to an end? So also we may see the folly of those who glory in their luxuriant tresses.

A hungry man is an angry man.

Never collect subscriptions before dinner, for you will get nothing.

A journey of a thousand miles is begun with a step.

Beware of despising small beginnings. Some men never arrive at usefulness because they are not satisfied to begin in a small way, and proceed a step at a time.

A kind face is a beautiful face.

Even a plain countenance is made absolutely charming when a kind disposition lights it up.

A lazy man makes himself more work by his laziness.

He adopts shifts to save himself trouble; and as these do not answer, it costs him ten times more to do the thing than if he had set about it in the right way at first.

A leaden sword in an ivory scabbard is still lead.

You cannot make a man of one who is no man, though you may make him a magistrate, or a minister, or an emperor

A liar never believes other people.

Of course he does not; he judges them by himself.

A little fore talk may save much after talk.

Let the bargain, or agreement, be clearly understood, that there may be no after contention. Let counsel be carefully taken, that there may be no need for regret. Better thrice meet for consultation than once for lamentation.

A little gall spoils a great deal of honey.

A few angry words have embittered the friendship of a life. A few bitter sentences have destroyed the usefulness of a sweet sermon, and even of a sweet life.

A little man may cast a long shadow.

Though his talents are small, his influence may be great. A holy life may tell upon a wide circle, and prove a blessing to many generations.

A little oil may save a deal of friction.

Just a kind word and a yielding manner, and anger and complaining will be avoided.

A little too late is too much too late.

Punctuality is an important duty, and we ought to be ashamed if we are five minutes behind the promised time.

A little wariness may save great weariness.

By forethought, contrivance and arrangement, much care and labor may be saved.

A man cannot prosper till he gets his wife's leave.

She must practice economy, or all his savings may melt away.

A man is known by the company he shuns.

Quite as much as by the company he keeps.

A man may be a fool and not know it.

Indeed it generally is the case that he is not aware of his own folly. If he did know it, he would not be a fool any longer.

A man of prayer is a man of power.

But he must not be of the same kind as the Berkshire farmer, who said: "It was no use praying for rain as long as the wind was in the north."

A man of silence is a man of sense.

Even if he has no other sense, he acts sensibly when he keeps quiet. He has at least sense enough to conceal his want of it.

A man who will not flee will make his foes flee.

He only will move the world who will not let the world move him. Stand against those whom you withstand, and in a short time they will not stand against you.

A man's tongue should never be larger than his hand.

He should not say more than he can do, nor promise more than he can perform.

A mask is an instrument of torture to a true man.

He hates all disguise. He wishes to be known and read of all men.

A mischievous dog must be tied short.

Persons who injure others must have their power limited.

A miser is like a hog—of no use till he is dead.

Many are hoping that he will cut up well. Our societies could do very well with a side of such bacon.

A nice dog can give a nasty bite.

Very sweet-spoken men can say slanderous things. You fancy that butter would not melt in their mouths; but you soon find that in proportion to the softness of their oil is the sharpness of their sword.

A nimble ninepence beats a slow shilling.

Quickness in trade is a great thing. The oftener the capital is turned over, the better. "Small profits and quick returns" is a good motto.

A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

As he can see nothing at all, it matters not how you try to direct him. Plenty of men are equally hard to guide.

A parson should not drive a grey horse.

Because the hair comes off and shows on his black coat. Our company and our pursuits should be congruous to our calling.

A penny is a debt as true
As if ten thousand pounds were due.

Little sums are apt to be forgotten, but the principle involved in leaving them unpaid is the same as knavery in larger amounts.

A pound of idleness weighs twenty ounces.

That is to say, it is more heavy and burdensome than anything else. Doing nothing is hard work.

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Resolution will bring the success which the believer in luck gapes for in vain.

A prejudiced man puts out his own eyes.

He refuses to see the other side of the question. His judgment is blinded by his own wilfulness, and this is the worst of blindness.

A rich man may make a poor husband.

Better to have a treasure *in* the man than *with* the man.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

This is the home-lover's reason for stopping forever in his native village. There is some reason in it, for frequent and freakish changes hinder prosperity.

A sheep should not tire of carrying his own wool.

He is a lazy man who complains of the weight of his clothes, the toils of his trade, or the natural care of his own family.

A servant is best discovered by his master's absence.

That is to say, he is found out by what he does when his master goes out and leaves him to himself. Then you see whether he is honest and industrious, or the reverse.

A slanderer is a cur that will bite to the bone.

Like a mad dog, he leaves venom in the wound, which may drive the sufferer to madness.

A soft heart needs a hard head.

Otherwise sympathy will run away with a man and lead him into foolish actions. Judgment must sway the feelings and keep them in their right place, or harm will be done where good was intended.

A sparrow may fly as high as it will,
But it must remain a sparrow still.

So a person may soar aloft in outward show, and in high pretence, but it makes no difference to the man's real self.

A strong will walks through a wall.

No difficulty can hinder the man of firm resolution.

A tame tongue is a rare bird.

One wishes these birds would multiply till they were as numerous as sparrows.

A tradesman must be self-made or never made.

He must stick to business, and get on by his own energy, or he will not prosper for any length of time.

A wager is a fool's argument.

He does not pretend to prove his statements, but bawls out, "I'll bet you a pound on it," which is neither sense nor reason.

A white devil does double mischief. Beware!

Putting on the form of an angel of light, the prince of darkness gets advantage over men. Error is terrible when it professes to be a purer form of Christianity.

A white glove often hides a dirty hand.

Deceitful professions are used to conceal base actions.

A wise man may often learn from a fool.

The ignorant man often blunders out absurdities which suggest new views, and on some one point he may happen to be better informed than the cultured man.

A word once out flies much about.

Words are like thistle down, and no one knows where they will go, and what will grow of them. "Keep the door of thy mouth."

"Almost" never shoots a cock-sparrow.

The half-hearted man does nothing. He is always going to do much, but it ends in mere proposing, and comes to nothing. A life which lingers on the verge of something, but never comes to anything, is most ridiculous.

"Always at it" wins the day.

Perseverance conquers every difficulty by its dogged determination. He that will not be beaten cannot be beaten. He who keeps on pegging away will do it sooner or later.

Always leave a little coal for the next day's fire.

Don't say all on a subject nor spend all on a feast.

All bread is not baked in one oven.

No one man, or society, or denomination, or section of the community, can do all the good work that is needed in this poor world.

All is fine that is fit.

If a thing is suitable it is admirable; but if unfit for its purpose it is often unendurable, however grand may be the look of it.

All sunshine, and nothing else, makes a desert.

If we had nothing but prosperity, we should be burnt up with worldliness. We may be thankful there is no fear of this.

All the speed is not in the spurs.

Strength is wanted as well as stimulus. Comfortable instruction is as needful as earnest exhortation.

An ape is an ape, though dressed in a cape.

No garment can long conceal character. The man comes out sooner or later. Let nine tailors do their best, a fop is not a man for all that.

An early start makes easy stages.

To begin promptly causes work to go pleasantly; whereas delay keeps one in a perpetual heat.

An ill calf may become a good cow.

We cannot depend upon parentage. Grace does not run in the blood. The best of men have the worst of children.

An obedient wife commands her husband.

By her love the good man is conquered, so that he delights to give her pleasure.

An old dog must bark in his own way.

There must be much indulgence shown to age and long-established habit.

An open mouth shows an empty head.

When persons are so exceedingly ready to chatter, it is soon discovered that they know nothing. If there had been anything in the box, the owner would have had some kind of fastening for it.

An owl will never teach an eagle to look at the sun.

Tutors of doubtful character and irreligious principles can never instruct young people in the ways of godliness.

Any boy or girl you see, can leap o'er a fallen tree.

As soon as a man is down, there are plenty to triumph over him. A hare can sport with the beard of a dead lion. In fact, some spirits take peculiar delight in pouring contempt upon the great in the day of their calamity.

Any time means no time.

When a work has no appointed season, it is put off from day to day, and in all probability is forgotten and neglected altogether.

As easy as an old shoe, and of as little value too.

Many are without spirit, and from that reason are very agreeable to others, but are worth nothing for practical service.

As they must dig who gather ore, so they must dig who gather lore.

The notion with many is that reading and studying are mere amusement; but if they would try for themselves, they would find that headwork is more tiring than handwork.

As you give love, you will have love.

This is generally true; at least, the price of love is love. Those who love everybody will win love, or better still, they will deserve it.

As the corn is, such will the flour be.
As the *corn* is, such will the walk be.

This last is not corn in the field, but corn on the foot. Corns and bunions do not contribute to a pilgrim's progress.

As you make your bed, so you must lie on it.

If young people will choose unfit partners in life, they must take the consequences. If they choose poverty or vice, they must abide their choice.

Asses carry the oats, and horses eat them.

So it comes to pass that mere labor gets little compared with the more skilled form of work. The proverb indicates a grievance, but hints at the only way of escaping it.

At the sign of the angel, beware of the Devil.

In Vanity Fair this is the tavern that Diabolus always patronizes.

Avarice is a mad vice.

The miser is called by French wit, "the treasurer of his heir." Poor idiot!

Avoid extremes and bubble schemes.

Avoid that which makes a void in your pocket.

Bad beef will never make good broth.

Several meanings may be given to this proverb. You cannot get good influences out of bad doctrine. Ill-gotten money brings no blessing in its use. Bad schemes cannot lead to good results.

Bad wares are never cheap.

Yet they catch a crowd of customers. The reason for this lies in *Carlyle's* remark, "That the United Kingdom contains so many millions of inhabitants, *mostly fools*."

Bad work is never worth doing.

It will only need undoing, or if it be left as it is, it will be a perpetual abomination. Work thy best, or let it rest.

Bare-footed folk should not tread on thorns.

Those who are particularly sensitive in any direction, should keep out of the way of the evil they dread.

Be little fish if you have but a little water.

Accommodate yourself to your condition.

Be a man before your mother.

Some do not seem as if they would be. The mere dandy is like his mother in this only; she will never be a man, nor will he.

Be always valorous, but seldom venturous.

We are to be ready for all that comes, but we are not to seek conflict. Face a lion if you must, but don't go down to the circus and get into a cage with him of your own accord.

Be always ahead of your work.

Then you will be comfortable. If you are behindhand you will be constantly whipped at the cart's tail of hurry.

Be as neat as a pin, and as brisk as a bee.

Appearance and deportment may seem little things, but they greatly effect success in life. Employers like to have about them persons who are neat in attire and quick in their movements. Nobody wants to have a bundle of old rags rolling about his shop.

Be careful, but not full of care.

It has been well said that our anxiety does not empty to-morrow of its sorrows, but only empties to-day of its strength.

Be good, and then *do* good.

You cannot really do more than you are.

Be hardy, but not hard.

Endure hardship yourself; but do not become unkind to others because you are strong and can rough it. A hardy man with a tender heart is a beautiful character; but an unfeeling tyrant is a curse to his household.

Be honest, and thus outwit the rogues.

Honesty perplexes the cunning. They think you are practising some deep policy, and they are baffled.

Be low in humility and high in hope.

He who will not bend his head in humility will run against a beam; he that will not hold up his head in hopefulness will not be cheered by an early sight of the good which is waiting for him.

Be merrily wise and wisely happy.

It is to be done, though it will need prudence and prayer.

Be not ever and over touchy.

Too much sensitiveness will be avoided by a sensible man. Persons who are easily aggrieved will have a sad time of it in this rough-and-tumble world.

Be not everybody's dog that whistles you.

Have a mind of your own, and do not follow first one leader and then another.

Be old when young, that you may be young when old.

Prudence, sobriety and true godliness, are supposed to be appropriate to the aged; but we should possess them in our youth. So may we hope to be preserved in health and vigor when years have multiplied upon us.

Be not honey abroad and wormwood at home.

Do not spend all our good humor on strangers, and then sulk and scold in your own house. Some read it, "Be not an angel abroad and a devil at home." Who but a hypocrite will bring himself under the censure of this proverb.

Be quiet : walls have ears.

Nobody knows who may be listening. Say nothing which you would not wish put in the daily papers.

Be sure you know your own know.

Don't pretend to knowledge and then break down under a question or two. Also, be quite sure of what you know, and let nobody beat you from your belief.

Be your own most useful friend :
Cease on others to depend.

An ancient philosopher once said, "I am the only one of my friends that I can rely upon." A friend may help you over a stile, but he cannot be expected to carry you on his back.

Beauty wins, but bounty holds.

The eye is charmed by an elegant appearance but the actual receipt of kindness is that which retains the heart.

Bear the hen's cackle for the sake of the eggs.

Little annoyances must be put up with because of great advantages. The rattle of machinery and the noise of traffic must be endured for the sake of business.

Before a fool handles a whip he ought to feel it on his own back.

Not meant to be a cruel observation, but to prevent much of that cruelty which arises from ignorance of the pain which the lash is causing.

Before you decide, hear the other side.

This is sensible advice, but many persist in the neglect of it.

Before you mount look to your girth.

Applicable to many mounts besides those upon a horse's back. Many men accept offices which they cannot fulfill, and enter upon positions which they cannot maintain.

Before you trust the cat, put the cream out of reach.

Remove temptation even from those in whom you have confidence. He who bids you pray, "Lead us not into temptation," would not have you lead others into it.

Bend the boy's neck, or he'll be a stiff-necked man.

Want of training to obedience in youth is the cause of much of the disorder and love of anarchy which we see in certain classes of society. The child is getting to be the father of the man with a vengeance, and the father is coming to be the son's slave.

Better a good groat than a bad bank book.

Sincerity makes the least man to be of more value than the most talented hypocrite.

Better a salt tongue than an oily one.

Sensible persons prefer a little sharp honesty to glib conceit. We say, "Speak the truth, shame the devil," but we know some who warp the truth, and please the devil.

Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.

Wit is a razor, and if it be in unwise hands it may injure men. It needs great sense to play the fool, and the man who attempts wit should have all his wits about him.

Better be a lean bird in the wood than a fat one in a cage.

The sweets of liberty are worth paying for. The Creoles say that "fat has no feeling," hence the fat bird does not fret about the cage.

Better be half an hour too soon than a minute too late.

Then you only lose your own time, but in the other case you are wasting the time of others. If you keep four persons waiting a quarter of an hour, you have stolen an hour of their time.

Better bread in the lap, than feather in the cap.

A supply for necessities is better than mere honor or the pretence of it. "Rag and famish" is a poor motto.

Better dove without serpent, than serpent without dove.

Simplicity without prudence is better than subtlety without sincerity. Yet when a fellow will not do right when softly persuaded by your dove, it may be wise to set your serpent at him.

Better eat humble pie than no pie at all.

Some throw themselves out of a situation sooner than apologize for a fault or put up with a rebuke. This is extreme folly.

Better half a loaf than no bread at all.

If wages be not so high as we could wish, yet if we are out of work for a single week it will take months to recover the loss. Strikes hurt the striker, even if they win.

Better keep peace than make peace.

What are small gains compared with the pearl of peace.

Better leave undone than have to undo.

When a case is doubtful, it is best to do nothing till you see what to do, for if we do the wrong thing it may make bad worse.

Better live on a little than outlive a great deal.

Economy must be strictly practiced when a business is in peril, for the greatest pinching will be better than losing the chance of a livelihood. Cultivate forethought upon a little oatmeal. Do not by extravagance kill the goose which lays the golden egg.

Better out of fashion than out of credit.

Some spend so much to be fashionable that they get into debt, and loose credit with their neighbors. "You must be in fashion," is the utterance of weak-headed mortals.

Better serve God in a city than a cell.

Because there is more opportunity for doing good among the masses. Lonely service may be good for me, but what is to become of perishing millions.

Better wear out shoes than sheets.

Industry is much to be preferred to indolent self-indulgence. Better trudge along the road to success than doze one's self into failure.

Better work for nothing than become lazy.

It is really so. Gentlemen who have retired from business often take up an unpaid occupation to keep them from absolute weariness of life.

Between *said* and *done* a race may be run.

It is generally desired that they may very nearly keep pace with each other. *Said* will be a little ahead, but *done* should follow at his heel.

Beware of having more notion than motion.

We see everywhere persons who know more than they practice, and have more conceit than industry, more doctrine in the head than holiness in life. Let such men serve us as beacons.

Beware of men made of molasses.

Persons who are very plausible and exceedingly polite have generally some design upon you, as also religionists who call you "dear" the first time they see you, and are forever prating of a love which lies only on their lips, and *lies* even there.

Beware of mettle in a blind horse.

He is apt to dash into danger. He must go, and he does not see where. Many zealots are so ignorant that they come under this proverb; they are dangerous when they are not well guided.

Beware of the stone thou stumblest at before.

We shall be doubly guilty if we do not learn to avoid in future that which has already proved an occasion of sin to us.

Beware of two black eyes.

Whether in your own head, or in the lovely face of a doubtful woman.

Bitter truth should be sweetly spoken.

We should be anxious to cause no more offence than naturally goes with the truth itself. Coat your pills with sugar.

Borrowing may be tried once, but only once.

Sudden need may come to any one, but *the habit* of running to others should not be formed, much less continued.

Bought wit lasts longest.

It makes a deep impression on the memory and usually remains for life. Its serious price helps its preservation.

Blue is blue, but there may be better blue.

True and faithful, good and generous as a man may be, there may be others quite as good, if not better.

Both folly and wisdom grow with our years.

Too often they seem to grow side by side. Some know better and do worse. Time makes some mellow and others rotten.

Bread baked must be eaten.

Either by ourselves or somebody. Our conduct has results and very sad ones, too, in some cases.

Brevity is a fine thing in a speech.

Want of study, and want of really knowing what one is driving at, must bear the blame of many a long and weary talk. Hence a short speech is usually of better quality than a long one; and if it is not, it is all the better that it is short.

Bring up your boy to nothing, and he'll be a rogue.

He will have nothing to do, and he will do it diligently. Of course he will run into bad company, and wicked men and the devil together will soon make a tool of him.

Buttons all right are husbands' delight.

What vexation may be caused by neglect of such a little thing as a button! Let wives think nothing trivial which tends to peace.

"Candidly but cautiously," said the wise man.

So should we always speak the truth by all means, but that truth with caution; for there are so many lying upon the catch that one has need to look at his words twice before he speaks them.

Carry your eyes in your own head.

Judge for yourself; don't make another your guide.

Cast not dirt into the well which gives you water.

Find not fault with those who feed you, nor with the trade which supports you, nor with the Lord who gives you all things.

Cats in mittens catch no mice.

Persons who are fastidious in dress seldom accomplish much. A minister who preaches in gloves is usually too fine a gentleman to move men's consciences.

Cats know the ways of cats.

Certain classes of people know one another's ways, which cannot be comprehended by strangers.

Cease play when it ceases to be play.

When bad temper creeps in because the weaker does not like to be beaten, drop the game. It is meant for pleasure; end it when it comes to pain.

Censure from the bad is true praise.

When *Agesilaus* heard any persons praised or censured, he remarked that it was as necessary to know the characters of the critics as the character of the person of whom they spoke. Slander is the homage which vice pays to virtue. If the wicked praised us, we should have to ask with the stoic, "What have I done wrong, that these fellows should speak well of me?"

Character is a man's best capital.

It is the backbone of success, especially with those employed by others. Young men see that you do not impoverish yourself by wasting this precious stock in trade of life.

Charity is the salt of riches.

Sprinkle a good deal of it over your income. Be not one of those of whom *Sidney Smith* said, that they were "ready to act the good Samaritan, without the oil and the twopence."

Charity should be warmest when the season is coldest.

Then is the time for coals and blankets, and the more the merrier. It will warm your hearts to warm poor people's bodies.

Cheerfulness smoothes the road of life.

It either gathers out the stones, or else trips so lightly over them that they are not noticed.

Chide thy friend in private, praise him in public.

The first will prove that thy faithfulness is full of love, and the second that thy love is not ashamed to own itself. This is what thou wouldst expect of him, therefore so act towards him.

Children never tell what they don't know.

They are best sent out of the way when things are talked of which you do not wish reported.

Chins without beards are better than heads without brains.

Young men, when wise, are to be preferred to those without sense, who have not even youth to excuse their folly. When Queen Elizabeth had sent a somewhat young ambassador to a foreign court, and the king complained of it, the ambassador replied, "If Her Majesty had known that you measure wisdom by beards, she would have sent you a goat."

Choose a kit from a good cat.

Daughters will probably be like their mothers; therefore the mother is a good guide for a young man in selecting a wife.

Clean hands are better than clever hands.

Much is made of cleverness nowadays but the devil is the cleverest of all, and yet he is most wicked.

Clean your tongue as well as your teeth.

This is easier said than done.

Compassion will do more than passion.

The kindly warmth of the sun made the traveller take off his cloak, while the cutting wind could not tear it off, but made him bind it closer about him; so love does more than wrath.

Constant occupation removes temptation.

In a great measure it does so. David sinned with Bathsheba when he stayed at home from battle, and was resting on his bed in day time.

Cool head and warm heart: these should never be apart.

Lest we should be carried away by excitement, and lose our balance of mind.

"Couldn't help it" doesn't mend it.

Frequent is the excuse, "I couldn't help it." It does not comfort the injured party, and it is seldom true. The Creoles very wisely say, "Asking my pardon does not cure the bumps you made on my forehead."

Count money after your own kin.

In trade transactions deal with relatives as you would with strangers, so far as methods of business are concerned. This rule is a wise one and promotes love.

Courage needs eyes as well as arms.

We must not blindly rush into danger. Fearless need not be heedless. True courage is not cousin to rashness.

Cows forget that they were calves.

Elderly persons fail to remember that they were once young themselves, and so they do not make allowance for juveniles around them.

Credit won by lying is quick in dying.

For very soon the falsehood is found out. Truth is like a cuckoo; you cannot hedge it in, nor prevent its voice being heard.

Crowbars swallowed strengthen the back.

Hard things, when patiently endured, tend to increase our mental and spiritual strength. An old friend of mine told me in my youth that I should have to swallow many bush-fagots cross-ways. I have done so, and have found the process of great service in clearing the throat.

Cursing men are cursed men.

For curses are like processions, which go their round and come home again.

Cutting off a mule's ears won't make him a horse.

Mere change of appearance is of little value. So taking away some one glaring folly will not change a man's nature; the proverb is Creole. The Italians say, "Cut off a dog's tail and he remains a dog."

Daylight will peep through a very small hole.

Secrets are made known by very simple circumstances. Truth is disseminated by the weakest means.

Dirty linen should be washed at home.

Family quarrels should not be made public. Almost any degree of suffering is better than public exposure of private wrongs and personal bickerings.

Do not growl, lest you be taken for a dog.

Certain persons can never be pleased. They are cynics, and prove their right to the name by their dogged complaints.

Do the duty that lies nearest thee.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth," said Solomon, "do with thy might." Carlisle says: "Our grand business is not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand." Do the next thing.

Do to others as you would that they should do to you.

The golden rule, but not the rule by which to get gold. It is much admired in church, but if it were to wander into the exchange or the market, it would be locked up by the beadle. The world's golden rule is, "Do others, or others will do you."

Don't accuse the times to excuse yourself.

The times are good enough for men who are good enough. If times are hard we must work harder.

Don't be above your business, nor below it.

To be too proud to attend to your work, or too uneducated to do it thoroughly, will be equally injurious. There is an honor in hard work. The French rule is "Respect the burden," and every burden of labor is respectable.

Don't bet even a farthing cake.

This was the very largest wager of an old friend of ours, and then he always stipulated that he should himself have the first bite, whether he won or not. We don't recommend even this.

Don't blow the broth which does not burn you.

If there's no real fault, don't blame a man. Never grumble without cause. If it's no concern of yours, let it alone.

Don't burn your candle at both ends.

It will go fast enough at one. Don't lose your wages in holidays, and at the same time spend your money in your frolics.

Don't carve another man's leg of mutton.

Some are very pleased when they are eating and drinking at other people's expense; but it never pays with men of honor, for they feel bound to make a return, and they will be called on to do it.

Don't crawl all day over one cabbage leaf.

The movements of some parties are so slow that this admonition might be fairly addressed to them. A master once asked his gardener, "John, did you ever see a snail?" "Yes, sir." "Then," said the master, "I am sure you met it, for you would never have overtaken it."

Don't cut down an oak to plant a thistle.

To destroy an old institution for some new nonsense is not wise.

Don't fight for the shell and lose the kernel.

This is done when mere words are the ground of contention, and essential doctrine is overlooked.

Don't give a good pail of milk, and then put your foot in it.

Cows sometimes do this; but it is by no means a pleasure to the farmer. Don't do a good action and spoil it by your after conduct; nor preach a good sermon and contradict it. As a rule do not "put your foot in it," in any sense. An Irishman observed that whenever he opened his mouth he put his foot in it. Don't imitate him.

Don't go out woolly and come home shorn.

Plenty do this who would have been more sensible had they staid at home; they leave the old faith for something more attractive and lose their comfort, if not their character.

Don't hold with the hare and run with the hounds.

Jack-o-both-sides generally catches it from both parties before long. Don't play the game of double-shuffle.

Don't let your feet run faster than your shoes.

It is unwise to go faster than you can do with safety and comfort. Many have brought their bare feet to the ground by spending more than their income could provide.

Don't let your heart sink into your hose.

Fear makes the heart go down into the stocking. But heart in hose is out of place. Why fear if you are right.

Don't meddle, or you'll muddle.

Is it not generally the case, that those who interfere do more harm than good? These amateur cooks spoil the broth.

Don't pick a man up before he is down.

Don't correct him before he has made a mistake.

Don't put all your eggs into one basket.

It is unwise to risk all that you have in any one concern. If you have any savings, put them in several places. The marines' form of this saying is, "Don't ship all your goods in one vessel."

Don't put on so much coal as to put out the fire.

You can lay so many books on the brain as to bury it, and teach children so much that they learn nothing, and preach so long that the people forget all that is said.

Don't roll in the mire to please the pigs.

Do nothing wrong to please those who take delight in evil.

Don't shiver with last winter's cold.

Let not past sorrows be remembered. If the memory of them awakens gratitude, well and good; but if they renew your pain it is foolish to raise them from the grave of the past.

Don't sow your wild oats; they are bad reaping.

Many talk as if young people ought to be vicious for a time, or as if it was a very excusable thing for a young man to be impure in his behavior. This is very pernicious. Alas! throughout life men have had to feel in their bones the sins of their youth.

Don't spend other peoples' money.

This is too often done. Expenditure upon credit, tampering with trusts, and many other matters come under the last of this sentence.

Don't throw good money after bad.

It is useless to spend your money in going to law with a person who will not or cannot pay. If you sue a beggar you know what you will get, and that fact should make you forbear.

Don't trust a rickety chair or a tricky man.

For if you do, you may get an ugly fall, or find yourself deceived. It is risky to ride broken kneed horses, or to trust men who have already failed, and fellows who have once deceived you.

Drink like a fish—water only.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. But some men are like the drunken Parisian, who declared that in his childhood he had been bitten by a mad-dog, and consequently had a horror of water.

Drive one plow at a time.

Turn all your strength in one direction. Divided energies threaten failure. "One thing I do," is a good motto.

Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad.

That is to say, as a general rule. One does not turn up his nose at a roast or boiled when one is at a friend's house, or sojourning by the sea, or wandering among the alps. Still there's no table, no bed, no fireside, no home, no wife like our own.

Ducks lay eggs; geese lay wagers.

Such geese are very common near our common, especially towards Derby Day. Where is the sense of this mania for gambling? We need not ask where is the morality of it?

Early up and never the nearer.

A man might as well keep in bed if he does not rightly use his time after he has risen. The main matter is not rising early, but well spending the day.

East or West, home is best.

Foreign travel pleases for a season, but the heart turns to home as the needle to the pole. He has no home who does not love it dearly.

Empty tubs are easily rolled.

When there is nothing in a man he has no stability but is easily persuaded and deluded. A drunkard said he was sure the world was round, for he rolled about so; and certain others have a sort of mental reeling which can only come of emptiness.

Even a plowman can see who is a true gentleman.

An indescribable something in tone, manner and spirit, will cause the most uncultured mind to see who is the true gentleman, and who the mere pretender.

Even Soloman was not always wise.

Indeed he was the greatest fool of his time. He was always the most knowing, but not always the wisest man.

Every fool will give advice, but few of them will take it.

Indeed it needs much good sense to be willing to be advised. The humility and self diffidence which will submit to be led by the wisdom of the really prudent are rarer than we think.

Every girl can keep house better than her mother till she tries.

This is the fault of many young folks; they know nothing about a matter, but yet feel that they could do the business in first rate style. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of the work is in the doing and the lasting.

Every man carries an enemy inside his own waiscoat.

He had better watch that fellow, or he will be stabbing at his heart or tampering with his conscience.

Every one is wise after the business is over.

This is the special wisdom of the unwise. Yet we could all do much better if we had to do it over again; at least we think so. We are fools enough to imagine that we should not be fools again.

Every peddler sells the best pins.

At least he says so, and he ought to know.

Every tub must stand on its own bottom.

We are individually accountable, and no one can hide behind another, so as to justify himself.

Everybody's friend is nobody's friend.

His universal generosity lies all in talk. He is not to be depended on. He is always helping so many that he cannot come to your aid.

Everything comes to the man who can wait.

It is only a matter of time. Patience beholds great wonders. In spiritual things, if we watch and wait, we shall see glorious things.

Expect nothing from those who promise a great deal.

Their readiness to promise should make you more than a little suspicious. They would not issue so many bank notes if they *had* to keep enough gold in the cellar to meet them.

Expectation is a fool's income.

He is always looking for something which has never yet occurred, and never will occur in his time. His ship is to come home, but as yet it is not launched. He has an estate somewhere, which is to come to him when we have a week all Sundays, but at present the rightful owner is depriving him of it.

Expensive wife makes pensive husband.

When the draper's bill drains his pocket, the poor man thinks more than he dares to say. The arithmetic of a good wife is very different. She *adds* to his happiness, *substracts* from his cares, *multiplies* his joys, *divides* his sorrows, and practices *reduction* in the expenditure of his household.

Face to face clears many a case.

Quarrels are fomented by hearsay statements and reports. Bring the parties together and let the truth come out.

Faint heart never won fair lady.

Faint heart sees dangers where there are none, and so avoids attempts which might succeed. Doubtless even in the tender business of courtship this operates to the young man's injury. If *he* is afraid to propose, he can hardly expect *her* to do so.

Feed a pig and you'll have a hog

Those who are of a swinish nature only grow worse when they receive either kindness or consideration.

Fight, but fight only with yourself.

Self conquest is the greatest of victories. Many have vanquished all others, and yet have been slaves to their own passions.

First practice at home, then preach abroad.

It is not every man that would like to preach to his neighbors from his own doorstep.

Folly and learning may live under one hat.

Book learning may carry a man far from truth and common sense; experience is needed, and grace of God, to make true wisdom.

Fools should never set on eggs.

They will addle them or break them, but never hatch them. This saying means that designs which need patient attention must never be left to unwise people.

Frogs in a well know nothing of the high seas.

Men with narrow range of knowledge and experience cannot calculate the greatness of the divine designs, nor even understand the larger ideas of more instructed men.

Give the birds crumbs ; God gives you loaves.

In the winter pay the birds for the songs of spring by feeding them. In Sweden a sheaf is always left for the birds.

Go after wisdom, or it will never come to you.

A suggestive preacher once said, "Do not suppose that wisdom is so much flattered at having you for a pupil that she will set you easy lessons, and yet give you the gold medal."

Good sees good, and foul sees foul.

This accounts for the various reports which men give concerning the moral condition of a neighborhood. Each man notices that which is after his own mind. If a vulture fly over a region he would spy out carcases, where a dove would note clean corn.

Giving is generally a kind of fishing.

They give a sprat to catch a salmon. Orientals are great at this art, and some in these Western parts are becoming proficient.

Fretting cares make grey hairs.

And this is all they make. What is the use of them?

Good wives if they were sold
Were well worth crowns of gold.

But nobody wishes to sell them ; and nobody could buy them if he wished to do so.

Goose and gander are very much alike.

What is true of woman is true of man, for bad or good.

Gossiping and lying are brother and sister.

Alas, for the misery which is caused by a long tongue! The quantity of the gossip could not be kept up if it were restricted to truth, and so evil inventions are added thereto. These at first are a sort of spice and flavoring, but in time they become the principal ingredient. A modern essayist defines gossip as, "the putting of two and two together, and making five of them." Say *fifty* and you are nearer the mark.

Great oaks were once little acorns.

Despise not the day of small things. Despair not because your strength is little. Who knows what you may be or do.

Great weight may hang on small wires.

On a word or even a look the history of a nation has depended. On a single act a man's whole life may turn.

Grind no man's name; seek other grist.

Yet some are never so pleased as when they have a gracious man between their millstones, and are reducing his character to dust.

Guilt on the conscience puts grief on the countenance.

Where it is real and deep, it is a hard matter to conceal conviction of sin. This heaviness of the heart makes a man stoop.

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